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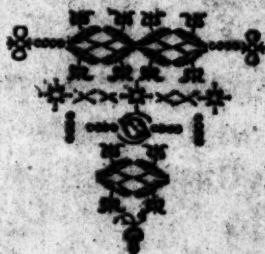
A

COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S.

VOL. I.



B E L F A S T:

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(FOR THE EDITOR.)

M,DCC,LXXXII.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Honourable Mrs. O'NEILL.

MADAM,

THE following Collection of Poems, I take the Liberty of giving to the World under the Sanction of your Name. Though it is with the utmost Diffidence I venture to nominate a Patroness, whose superior Abilities are so universally known and admired in the World of Taste and Science; yet I must acknowledge myself influenced by the pleasing Hope, that the Volume will be found in some Degree worthy of such distinguished Patronage.

A 2

Most

Most People, Madam, are disposed to condemn Dedications. The Author, or Publisher, of a new Work, who is forward enough to introduce it under the Auspices of a great and respectable Name---(and few who are forward enough to write, are without this additional share of confidence)--is deemed, by the greater Part of Mankind, a partial Eulogist; liberal of Praise, and illiberal in the Application of it. Others there are, however, who look for a Dedication before a new Book, from an idea, that the Author who omits so very general an Appendage to his Work, despairs of its deserving the Approbation of a single worthy Character.

As it is my Wish to avoid incurring the Disapprobation of any; so it is my Duty to obviate (if possible) the Objections of both.

To the former, who conclude that Flattery is an indispensable Ingredient in

DEDICATION.

in the Composition of a Dedication,
I have only to say,---(where there is
so wide a Field for merited Encomium)
---READ, AND BE CONVINCED.

The latter I refer to the Book itself;
upon the Merits of which, alone, I
rest my Pretensions to publick Favour,
and to the Approbation of so judicious
a Patroness.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

With true respect,

Your most humble

and obedient servant,

The EDITOR.

DEDICATION

in the Commission of a Librarian
I am to say--(where there is
to which I wish for meined Broomman)
---AND be convinced.

The latter I refer to the Book itself
upon the subject of which I have
and my intention to publish a book
and to the Appropriation of 10 judicious
a Patronage.

I have the honor to be

M A B A M

With true respect

Your most humble

and obedient servant

THE EDITOR

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EDITOR *to the* PUBLICK.

IT has been justly enough remarked, that the capital of the empire is the most eligible mart of literature: it is reasonable it should be so; for there it is, that a flattering distinction is paid to merit, and a suitable provision made for the ingenious, both by the legislature of the country, and by the opulency of the inhabitants. But it does not therefore follow, that works of merit can *only* originate in the metropolis of England; and that, unless a new book is distinguished by a *London* title page, and a character in the *Review*, it is beneath the notice of the curious. There have been some instances to the contrary in *this* kingdom; and it is to be hoped they were but the harbingers of many, and more successful ones.

To

To say that the people of Ireland are without abilities, in the sublime walks of taste and science; would be to say, that they are now without freedom.-----To say that their hopeful specimens should be buried in oblivion, or suffered to straggle over to swell the crowded repositories of British elegance; is to say, that Irishmen are without ambition or liberality.

Ireland now feels herself great and happy: The harp is new strung; she will exult in the song of joyfulness!---Her bards will improve; and her **VOLUNTEERS** shall live for ever!

The intention of this collection has been expressed. I hope it will experience that favourable reception from the publick, which it has been my study and ambition to render it worthy of. If it serves at all to shew our national acquirements to any advantage,---(for the pieces are all the production of Hibernians, except three or four of the shortest, upon which I cannot positively pronounce)---my object in the publication will be fully answered.

I have

I have to thank many ladies and gentlemen for contributing to this collection : but none I can with such propriety name as AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.---who, indeed, merits every thing of his countrymen, that gratitude can give, or patriotism receive.

I hope the authors of certain poems will agree in the propriety of some alterations. I found it necessary to make therein. And those whose pieces I could not possibly find room for in this volume, may depend on seeing them inserted in a second one ; which, I hope, the present will sanction the publication of, the ensuing summer----Toward the completion of which, I am now possessed of many, and will continue to receive poems of merit, 'till the 25th MARCH, 1783.

J. TISDALL.

BELFAST, }
JUNE, 1782. }

S U B.

I have to thank many ladies and gentlemen
for contributing to the collection. For none
I can with much propriety name as *Amey*
Garrison. For the modest, gentle, and
kind-hearted *Amey*, that *Garrison* has
not forgotten.

I have the honour of certain persons will
agree to the propriety of some alterations
found necessary to make therein. And those
alterations I could not possibly have seen
for in that volume many errors are found
inserted in a second one. I hope the
publisher will sanction the publication of
another number. Toward the completion of
which I am now possessed of money and will
continue to receive portions of more till the
25th March, 1833.

J. T. DALL.

1833

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PHILANDER AND THEA:

A POETICAL ADDRESS

FROM A

FATHER TO A DAUGHTER.

ONE summer's day, when now the globe of
light,

Not in its high meridian fiercely bright,
But bending down heav'n's concave to the west,
Hasted to give the lab'ring peasant rest,
PHILANDER stray'd along a river's side,
Attended by his pleasing care and pride
The youthful THEA, whose mild, tender mind,
Harmlessly gay, to virtue well inclin'd,
Was yet unform'd, and liable to stray,
Unless directed in life's puzzling way.
The winds were still, the prospects grand and
fair,
And breathing sweets perfum'd the balmy air!

C

There,

There, distant mountains limited the sight,
O'er-looking the low plains with pride-like
height ;

Whilst here, a shoreless ocean struck the view,
Ting'd by the ambient sky's ætherial blue.
Much she admir'd the lively, pleasing scene,
The bubbling brook, the flow'r-bespangled green ;
Her ear with joy receiv'd the linnet's note,
Or varied thrillings of the thrush's throat ;
With smiles she saw the tender lambkins play,
Herself almost as innocent as they.

When the fond parent, eager to improve,
(The best, the surest evidence of love)
To raise just thoughts, form images refin'd,
And make her senses tutors to her mind,
Thus spoke-----My dearest child, well pleas'd
I spy

Calm rapture, gentle transport in thy eye ;
And ever may'st thou sensibly receive
The heart-felt pleasures which such objects give :
No secret pang can e'er this bliss destroy,
No guilt disturb this inoffensive joy,
For reason ratifies the just delight,
And conscience tells the soul, that it is right.

But, THEA ! let not an unmeaning joy
Alone, tho' innocent, thy mind employ ;
But pleasure with instruction ever blend ;
Enjoy the one, but the last attend.

Thus

Thus learn betimes, from what thou see'st, to
know

The cause supreme from whence these blessings
flow,

That gracious God, who gives thee thought and
sense

To taste these gifts of his beneficence.

All these are Nature's works ; but by that
word

Remember nought is meant but Nature's Lord :

This world's the wond'rous volume, where we
read

The source whence all created things proceed ;

Mind not the letters then, however fair,

But the inscribing hand which wrote them there :

For not from accident, but deep design,

Omniscient wisdom, and a will benign,

These never-ceasing miracles arise,

Which please the vulgar, but the learn'd surprise.

This to thy dawning reason may appear,

By corresponding things within thy sphere:

Thus, when the trembling strings thy fingers move,

And all the various chords melodious prove,

Think you that wood and wire could thus combine

And fall in harmony, without design ?

How then could earth and water, air and fire,

Mere thoughtless elements, themselves conspire

To frame this universe, when all agree
 In tuneful order, moral symphony ?
 Where nought is lost ; each atom has its use,
 And things discordant, harmony produce.
 Or, when by strictest rules you nicely trace
 A natural object, or a human face,
 Think you, in colours mix'd by chance, you'd
 see

The perfect semblance of a man or tree ?
 How can the great originals then be
 Th' effects of chance, or blind necessity ?
 No ; God gives all things being, life and power ;
 He form'd the heavens, and He compos'd this
 flower :

He gave man reason ; and by instinct He
 Directs the brute ; He vegetates the tree :
 He, only, is the world's great plastic soul,
 Which moves, pervades, and animates the
 whole !

That sun, which with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Looks like a god, diffusing life around,
 Is but a senseless mass, inactive, dead
 As this gross, inert earth on which we tread ;
 He knows not wherefore he is bade to roll,
 Why shoot his winged light from pole to pole ;
 He knows not that his penetrating ray
 Gives warmth to nature, lustre to the day ;

His

His beams, unconscious, the creation cheer,
 Unconscious, mark the sure-revolving year ;
 Unconscious gild hill, valley, dale and plain,
 Call forth the bud, and mature the grain :
 He rises by divine, not innate force,
 Rejoicing, giant-like, to run his course.

And that huge mass of water, which you see
 Extending almost to immensity,
 Is subject likewise to His wide-stretch'd reign ;
 'Tis He who levels smooth the glassy main,
 Or raises its proud waves in mountains high,
 To mix with clouds, and dash against the sky ;
 'Tis He prescribes the bounds they shall invade,
 Or, with imperial voice, says---here be stay'd.
 ---When then thy mind's on these vast works
 intent,
 Lose not thyself in vain astonishment ;
 But judge His power, who does the one com-
 mand,
 And holds the fast i' the hollow of his hand.

Or if the earth's wide bounds engage thy
 thought,
 On firm foundations fast, yet hung on nought ;
 Or soaring higher still, with aching eye,
 Thou view'st heaven's star-set curtain spread on
 high ;

Think on the hand, creative and divine,
Which laid the measure and which stretch'd the
line ;

Whose presence worlds on worlds would bound
in vain ;

Nay, whom the heav'n of heav'ns can not con-
tain.

Nor do material objects speak aloud
The being only, and the pow'r of God ;
But with like force, wise, useful truths convey,
And read us lectures in a moral way :
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet inscription flows :
For this, ev'n brutes find tongues, and forests nod ;
All nature is, indeed, the voice of God.

But this by some few instances will best
To thy young apprehension be express'd.

First then, observe this fair luxuriant mead ;
Once was it barren, waste and wild ; o'erspread
With horrid brakes, where prowling beasts of prey,
Conscious of guilt, shun'd the clear light of day ;
But prudent care, and well-directed toil,
Have smooth'd the surface, and enrich'd the soil :
And now, no rocks, no coverts can be seen,
But one ev'n level of refreshing green,

Whose

Whose gay enamel gratifies the sight,
 And whose rich crops the well-judg'd lost requite.
 Just so the mind, if not with culture blest'd,
 If weeds of vice be not in time suppress'd,
 Becomes a den, where ravening passions wait,
 Ready for works of darkness and deceit.
 But if the seeds of science, virtue, truth,
 Be sown in life's improving season---youth;
 They'll bloom like vernal blossoms in the field,
 And in ripe autumn golden harvests yield.

Again; look just beneath your feet, and see
 As just an image of mean flattery;
 See how th' encroaching stream, tho' soft it flow,
 Saps the firm bank, and makes a void below;
 Mark, how it eats insensibly the clay,
 Nay, thro' the rock insinuates its way.
 So the sly sycophant, with subtle art,
 Nearer and nearer, gains upon the heart,
 Then steals the props of virtue quite away,
 And leaves the mind to ev'ry vice a prey.

Next view these painted children of the field,
 Common and plains, the moral which they yield;
 Poets, indeed, with idle labour toil
 To dress out female beauty in their spoil;
 The pink lends blushes to the virgin's cheek,
 And snowy lillies blanch the polish'd neck;

But

But hence, alas ! with far more honest truth
 The sage admonishes unthinking youth,
 How frail are all those charms, which like the
 flow'r,

Blow, bloom, and die---almost within an hour.

---Hence also ye are taught, ye fair ! to know

The simple vanity of outward shew ;

For though adorn'd with all the pomp of dress,

Yet are ye not array'd like one of these.

Now to yon distant mountain turn your eye,
 The sides are craggy, and the summit high ;
 Thick, foggy clouds obscure the middle way,
 But on the top shines forth a brighter day ;
 When that's attain'd, a clearer air you breathe,
 And look, superior, on the world beneath ;
 Towns seem child's baubles, wide demesnes a
 span ;

And scarcely can you see the pigmy---man.

Such is th' ascent to virtue, hard to scale---

How few, alas ! how very few prevail !

---But to those few who climb the glorious height,

The mental ray of reason shines more bright,

The misty gloom of passion is dispell'd,

And ev'ry object in true light beheld :

From thence true wisdom with disdain looks down

On earth-born vanity, ev'n the much envy'd

crown,

(Ambitious,

(Ambitious, fatal lure!) seems but a toy,
 A gilded play-thing, fitted to employ
 Some o'er-grown infant, whom the glitt'ring thing
 Tempts to be wretched---for the name of King.

Those downy clouds may next engage your sight,
 Their skirts all ting'd with variegated light;
 So oddly form'd, that they almost appear
 Like realms and cities pendant in the air:
 There, tow'ring mountains loftily aspire,
 Their tops, like *Ætna's*, crown'd with flames of
 fire;

In these, a teeming fancy may suppose,
 Embattled turrets frowning on their foes:
 But yet, what seems in view so grand and fair,
 Is but an empty cloud, and painted air.
 ---Now such ideal prospects do we frame
 Of worldly pleasures, honour, wealth, and fame:
 To gain the visionary joys we press,
 Thinking they'll yield substantial happiness;
 But late we find, that they are all like this,
 Mere shadows, vain, imaginary bliss,
 Which when we aim with strong desire to clasp,
 Ixion's gain rewards our eager grasp.

But now the sun hides his diminish'd head,
 And to our hemisphere will soon be dead;
 The sky serene, th' horizon red and gay,
 The certain presage of a glorious day:

So

So when that time shall come (for come it must)
 When thy dear form shall moulder into dust,
 If then thou calmly sink to silent rest,
 No stormy passion to disturb thy breast,
 If at the stern, relentless call of death,
 With plety, resign'd, thou yield thy breath,
 If all within be placid, still, and clear,
 And conscience whisper---thou hast nought to
 fear,
 Soon shalt thou rise again, to shine more bright,
 Than thousand orbs of temporary light.

This said, he homeward led the tender maid,
 And with a fervent heart in secret pray'd
 Th' Almighty Power, with his protecting arm,
 To shield her innocence from outward harm,
 To give her grace and knowledge to fulfill
 His bless'd, reveal'd, and never-erring will,
 To grant her here, prosperity and peace,
 And in the life to come, eternal bliss.

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ODE FOR THE NEW-YEAR, (1782.)

ANOTHER year elaps'd again !
Sure time as quick as lightning flies ,
Alas ! life's nothing but a dream,
A transient scene of vanities.

That Prince, I find, was truly right,
To say that he had lost a day,
When on a retrospect at night,
No virtuous deed he could survey.
Then, since a day's not in our pow'r,
Why should we vainly lose an hour ?

Now *Janus* thou thy annual care
Resum'st, and usher'st in the year ;
To thee I offer up my prayer,
Turn not to truth an heedless ear :
O ! shut your wide-extended door ;
Too many of our kindred lie
Weltering in their guiltless gore,
The victims of dire policy :
Then peace shall happiness restore,
And civil war distract no more.

Or

Or if the British Lyon's rage
 Regards not peace's gentle call,
 Let him his natural foes engage,
 And lash *Iberia, Belgium, Gaul* :
 These faithless foes deserve the best
 Chastisement from his pow'rful jaws ;
 Then union will cement each breast,
 Self-conscious of the upright cause !
 False *Bourbon's* arts will not avail,
 But *England's* justice must prevail.

Attempt my muse, with prescient eye,
 To view th' events of this new year :
 See ! with what magnanimity
 Hibernia's patriot sons appear !
 While **CHARLEMONT**, the great and good,
 Again reviews the martial band ;
 And **GRATTAN**, **BROWNLOW**, **BURGH**, and
FLOOD,
 Emancipate their native land !
 Such glory may each season bring,
 To Ireland's sons---to Ireland's king.

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III
The FIRST SONG ever written on the
present VOLUNTEER ASSOCIATIONS of
IRELAND.

(Composed at TULLEN, in the Year 1779!)

SOME boast of PRUSSIA's glory,

And many HAWKE will praise;

But now we have a story

To chaunt to latest days :

Each VOLUNTEER in Ireland

A guardian god appears ;

With a tow---row---row---dow---dow,

The *Irish Volunteers*.

II.

Behold, my boys, a wonder,

A virtuous Parliament !

Our tyrants they've knock'd under,

And given all content :

For well they knew our strength, my boys,

Which stirr'd up all their fears ;

With a tow---row---row---dow---dow,

The *Irish Volunteers*.

D

But

III.

But let it not be thought, sirs,
That we'd rebellious prove ;
We nothing ever sought, sirs,
But harmony, and love :
'Twas grievous for such subjects
Mere bastards to be made,
And be deny'd our lawful right,
A free and open trade.

IV.

No laws shall ever bind us,
But these we'll frame ourselves ;
The Britons now shall find us
As free as they're themselves :
Hibernia's Volunteers, my boys,
Have work'd the glorious cause ;
And will, with manly hearts and hands,
Abolish Poyning's Laws.

VOLUN.



VOLUNTEER SONG.

FROM SPARTA and ATHENS fair LIBERTY
came,

To BRITAIN, where long she did happily reign ;
But lately the Goddess was doom'd to exile,
And forc'd to take refuge in this fast'ring isle ;
Where, cherish'd and honour'd by ev'ry degree,
She vow'd to HIBERNIA her sons should be free ;

Her sons should be free,

Her sons should be free,

She vow'd to HIBERNIA her sons should be free.

II.

Our Genius applauding, the Goddess thus spoke,

“ Shake off, O Hibernians, the infamous yoke,

“ Under which ruthless Britain long forc'd you

“ to groan,

“ Unjust to your worth, and untrue to her own ;

“ Embrace the meet moment---take counsel

“ from me ;

“ You've spirit, and courage---and ought to be

“ free.

D 2

“ Ye

III.

" Ye sons of IRANE new-polish your spears,
 " Clasp the bright firelock---become VOLUN-
 " TEERS ;

" Protect your dear freedom, religion and laws,
 " As your ancestors did, who oft bled in my cause ;
 " Arouse, my dear vet'ries---let tyranny see,
 " That you are determin'd to die---or be free."

IV.

Our brave Irish youth this kind counsel obey'd,
 Commenc'd *Volunteers*, and soon got a free trade
 From their fears now releas'd, they can hear with
 disdain,

Of threaten'd attacks from France, Holland and
 Spain :

United and happy long may they agree,
 And evince by their deeds they deserve to be free.

V.

Let's now fill a bumper, and end with three cheers,
 The toast is our brethren the brave *Volunteers*,
 Our island's pilladium, the prop of the state,
 The joy of the lowly, the pride of the great,
 Who ne'er will relinquish their dear Liberty,
 But always maintain that *Hibernians* are free.

Hibernians are free,

Hibernians are free,

But always maintain that *Hibernians* are free.

VOLUN-

VOLUNTEER SONG.

NOW Ireland has, by Heav'n's decree,
Shed off her shackles base and vile,
Resolving ever to be free,
And drive invaders from ourisle.
*Rule Hibernia! --- thy gallant bands will be
True guardians of our liberty.*

II.

See heroes here of ev'ry age,
Of all professions---glorious men!
Th' unrazor'd youth, the hoary sage;---
We'll ne'er dread slavery again. *Rule, &c.*

III.

The world with wonder and amaze
Will read of Ireland's Volunteers;
This glorious epoch still will raise
Our fame to the remotest years. *Rule, &c.*

IV.

Lo! what an heav'nly sight is here,
Some thousands in a day review'd;
Strangers to servile dread or fear,
And ne'er with life to be subdu'd. *Rule, &c.*

V.

How happy is our king to find
He has such subjects at command,
Whole legions ready, with one mind,
To fight his battles---heart and hand. *Rule, &c.*

VI.

Unpaid, we volunteer his cause;
And all the recompence we crave,
Is to be bound by our own laws,
And that, my boys, we'll shortly have. *Rule, &c.*

VII.

From peers to peasants now you'll find
Accouter'd *a-la-militaire*;
Each manly heart and honest mind
Brave, open, gen'rous, and sincere. *Rule, &c.*

VIII.

The very infants from the breast,
Lisp a repeal to Poyning's laws;
Can shoulder, poize, present and rest,
Aye---and huzza in freedom's cause. *Rule, &c.*

IX.

May this great spirit still prevail,
And Ireland's sons be ever free,
Nor e'er have reason to bewail
The loss of Heav'n-born Liberty.

*Rule Hibernia!---thy gallant bands will be
True guardians of our liberty.*

S O N G.



SONG. ACCOMPANIED WITH A DRUM.

YE Volunteer lads---Hibernia's boast,
To the drum,
To the drum,

To the drum due obedience yield :
Whether you are engag'd by the bottle or fair,
Renounce the soft blifs and to stations repair,
When the drum beats to arms,
When the drum beats to arms,
And share the delights of the field.

II.

If our enemies venture this isle to invade,
Then the drum,
Then the drum,
Will quickly our guardians convene ;
Who, bold and steady, one and all,
With bayonets fix'd will on them fall,
While the drum beats a charge,
While the drum beats a charge,
And the foe sue for quarter in vain.

Now

III.

Now charge each glass, I'll send a toast round,
 Whilst the drum,

Whilst the drum,
 Accordant fills up each pause:

Here's our brave Volunteers !---Come, now three
 cheers,

May their deeds be the topic of numberless years,

And the drum ne'er unbrac'd,

And the drum ne'er unbrac'd,

But still ready in freedom's cause.



S O N G.

YE lads who inherit
 True liberty's spirit,
 Attend to an old Volunteer ;
 From danger ne'er flinch,
 Nor give up an inch,
 But gallantly still persevere, my brave boys,
 But gallantly still persevere.

There's

II.

There's nought to be seen
From Belfast to Skib'reen,
Or from Derry to Dingle-i-couch,
But lads of the blade,
Prepar'd and array'd
To conquer or die--this I'll vouch, my brave boys,
To conquer or die---this I'll vouch.

III.

Let each firmly stand
To word of command,
And daily grow bolder and bolder;
As Freemasons move
In brotherly love,
Thus acting like citizen-soldier, my boys,
Thus acting like citizen-soldier.

IV.

Our freedom, our lives,
Our children, our wives,
To support them the time's now, or never:
Let each Volunteer
Be firm and sincere,
And a free trade to Ireland for ever, my boys,
And a free trade to Ireland for ever.

S O N G.

S O N G.

A Tuneful tribute to the spring
 No more, enamour'd, dare I pay;
 The rural muse must cease to sing,
 When faultless beauty claims the lay:
 The tree-top'd hills, the smiling meads,
 The beauties of the flow'ry plain,
 And purling streams, and cooling shades,
 Neglected are for *Bonny Jean*.

II.

When first her radiance fill'd my eyes,
 In blooming innocence display'd,
 I thought some inmate of the skies
 Had deign'd to visit *Arno's* shade:
 I look'd, I fear'd---I sigh'd, I bow'd,
 And scarce could worshiping refrain,
 But little dreamt 'twas love that glow'd
 In my fond heart---for *Bonny Jean*.

Kind

III.

Kind nature taught me soon to woo,
 And nature bade my charmer hear;
 The fairy Nine assisted too,
 And melting music pleas'd her ear:
 While loftier poets twisted bays,
 To mark the warlike hero's * fame, { * Lord
 My artless voice was tun'd to praise { Rawdon.
 The matchless charms of *Bonny Jean*.

IV.

But now, by fate's severe decree,
 I'm doom'd my darling to forego,
 To tempt the dangers of the sea,
 And meet in arms an hostile foe:
 Yet tho' fell danger stalks around,
 And dreadful carnage marks the scene,
 No fears portentous e'er can wound
 My peace, but those for *Bonny Jean*.

V.

Ye pow'rs protect my faithful fair,
 When I am absent from her arms;
 Sooth ev'ry grief, dry ev'ry tear,
 Compose her feeling, fond alarms.
 And while from her I'm forc'd so long,
 Sad and dejected to remain,
 My last at night, and morning song,
 Shall be in praise of *Bonny Jean*.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

OF all the joys retirement brings,
Teach me to taste, ye pow'rs above !
The shady groves, the limpid springs,
The sweet retreats of sweeter love.

With her I love, how could I sport
My time, far off from crouds and noise ;
Nor envy those who shine at court,
But think of more substantial joys.

Sweet as the blushing morn's her face,
Roses to deck her cheeks conspire ;
The lillies strive her breasts to grace,
Those breasts which set my heart on fire.

'Tis all the gift that I request,
Grant it to me ye pow'rs divine,
O ! make me most completely blest,
By making this dear charmer mine.

A N N A,

ANNA, THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

A NEW SONG.

Inscribed to Miss -----, of BELFAST.

SEE the sweet feather'd choir, how they
warble their lays,
See the lambs how they bound on the plain;
See the meadows all verdure; see Sol's pleasing
rays;
See our days what a length they sustain:
In short,---see all nature how lovely she's dress'd,
How innocent, charming and gay;
And then see my ANNA,---and deem yourself
blest'd---
For ANNA reigns Queen of the May.

II.

'Tis she casts a lustre on all you behold,
By some charm which she stole from above;
Promœtheus stole fire from Olympus we're told,
But ANNA steals souls, hearts, and love:
When she sings, she diffuses a transport of joy,
When she smiles, she illumines the day;
What pity such blessings were made to destroy,
As were born with my Queen of the May.

E

INVI-



INVITATION.

O COME, my fair one, and improve
 The smiling season, made for love !
 For now the fullen winter's past,
 No more we dread the ruthless blast ;
 No storms nor threat'ning clouds appear,
 No falling rains deform the year :
 O come, my fair one, and improve
 The smiling season, made for love !

The dews and soft descending show'rs,
 Nurse the new-born, tender flow'rs ;
 The bee its honey'd mansion flies,
 To kiss the bloom where sweetness lies ;
 The spreading vines with blossoms swell,
 Diffusing wide a fragrant smell :
 O come, my fair one, and improve
 The smiling season, made for love !

The hills are with new verdure crown'd,
 The harmless lambkins frisk around ;
 Close by his fellow sits the dove,
 And, billing, whispers her his love ;
 Hark ! how the birds melodious sing,
 To welcome in the joyful spring :
 O come, my fair one, and improve
 The smiling season, made for love !

A N E W



A NEW SONG.

ON Lagan's pleasant banks I saw
 The sweetest maid on earth ;
 My frozen heart began to thaw,
 And give sweet passion birth ;
 'Twas in the fragrant month of June,
 Just driving by the shore :
Ab ! gra mugh-chree, mugh choline ogue,
Ma DOLLY ma shore.

II.

When first I saw my DOLLY move,
 Her looks struck such command,
 I thought it was the Queen of Love
 Had rose from Lagan's strand ;
 Such awe-inspiring elegance
 I ne'er beheld before :
Ab ! gra mugh-chree, mugh choline ogue,
Ma DOLLY ma shore.

III.

If you but knew my DOLLY's mind,
 Where heav'nly sweetness dwells,
 Where innate excellence refin'd
 All outward shew excels;
 Of pity, and benevolence
 She has an angel's store:
Ah! gra mugh-chree, mugh choline ogue,
Ma DOLLY ma shore.

IV.

Since fate decrees I never can
 My lovely mald enjoy;
 May she be happy in a man
 Who can her worth descry:
 May ev'ry angel guard my fair,
 And all the world adore:
Ah! gra mugh-chree, mugh choline ogue,
Ma DOLLY ma shore.

S O N G.

S O N G.

AH, beauteous LAURA! tell me why
 You scornful shun a faithful lover?
 Will you for ever hear him sigh,
 And yet no tenderness discover?
 Must his sad nights and ling'ring days,
 Be spent in heart-corroding anguish?
 Whilst you, who can alone give ease,
 Unplying, suffer him to languish!

II.

Sure you might take your swain along!
 No blush his converse would occasion:
 Sure you might listen to his song!
 The artless song of soft persuasion.
 Truth must have charms to your chaste ear,
 Fair virtue's precepts can't offend you;
 Then why repress, with look severe,
 The youth whose pride is to attend you?

III.

O shun, sweet maid, the artful wiles
 Of subtle swains who feign to woo you;
 With study'd sighs, and practis'd smiles,
 They foully labour to unde you.

And O should DAMON's changeless truth
 To gentle condescension move you,
 Then blest indeed would be the youth,
 Who, tho' unpity'd, still must love you.

*Sung Extempore, by a GENTLEMAN after drinking
 Thirty-two Bumpers of Claret for a LADY,
 whom he had toasted, and was challenged.*

WHAT JUPITER did, I have done----so
 don't doubt

The truth of what OVID has sung :
 For a *Lady* transmuted I am to a brute ;
 For a *Leda* Jove turn'd to a swan, my braye
 boys,
 For a *Leda* Jove turn'd to a swan..

THE A D V I C E.
A S O N G.

FANNY, ever blooming creature,
Form'd for nought but mighty love;
Love's a passion wrought by nature,
Give your hand,
Don't withstand
Rites the blissful gods approve.

II.

Fops, and fribbles, and such vermin,
Lovely, charming maid, despise;
True, indeed, there's little harm in
Bucks and beaux,
Fanny those
Are at best but painted flies.

III.

No true joy, no lasting pleasure,
Can you with such insects find;
They can scarcely find e'en leisure,
O'er and o'er,
To adore
Themselves---to all beside they're blind!

Come

IV.

Come let's love, and live in quiet,
 Hymen will unite our hands ;
 The knot sweet Cupid he will tie it ;
 Venus shall
 Fanny hail ;
 Pallas will make bless'd our banns.

V.

Joy and wisdom thus united,
 Could we envy mortal's state ?
 Love, with tenderness requited ;---
 Happy man,
 Lovely Fan,
 Who is destin'd yours by fate.

To a ROSE intended for a LADY'S Bosom.
(From an NEW OPERA.)

BLEST flow'r !---on fair OLIVIA's breast,
 In happy splendor doom'd to rest !
 In rapt'rous sweets repose !

But soon, too soon, thy transient bloom
 Will sink into an heav'nly tomb :
 ---Ah ! would I were a rose !

SONG.



S O N G.

Addressed to a young LADY in BELFAST.

WHEN first fair GRACE's face I saw,
And heard her matchless voice,
I felt within a secret awe,
And own'd her as my choice.

II.

Such charms as her's must love inspire
In the most frozen mind ;
If beauty here can't move desire,
You've sense and sweetness join'd.

III.

There's not a charm the gods could give,
Or graces could impart,
That don't in her dear bosom live,
And elevate her heart.

IV.

Her face was form'd by Beauty's Queen,
Apollo wit bestow'd ;
The Graces fram'd their sister's mein,
Her heart by Dian glow'd.

When

V.

When this was done,---they call'd on Jove
 To name the fair,----but Pallas
 Proclaim'd sweet GRACE the Queen of Love,
 And call'd the charmer W*****e.



NEW SERENADE,

By the Author of "Waft to her Ears," &c.

FROM balmy slumbers, beauty, wake,
 Hark to your STREPHON's sighs !
 And, if you don't compassion take,
 For you, for you he dies.

II.

Bear soft each gentle, quiv'ring gale,
 My wishes to her ear ;
 Perhaps she'll pity the fond tale,
 And save me from despair.

SWEET

SWEET MARY---O!

A NEW SONG.

THE pride of all nature is sweet Mary---O!
The pride of all nature is sweet Mary---O!
She gladdens the swains,
Illumines the plains,
The fairest must yield to my sweet Mary---O!

II.

And as for your *Shakespeare*, my dear * *Davy*--O!
Had Mary liv'd then,
That prince of all men
Had written alone of the sweet Mary---O!

III.

Had *Sandy* † the great---but seen sweet Mary--O!
His world he'd give
With Mary to live,
So extatick the charms of sweet Mary---O!

The

* *David Garrick, Esq.*

† *Alexander the Great.*

IV.

The wisdom of Pallas has sweet Mary---O !
Possess'd of each grace,
The loveliest face
That ever was form'd has sweet Mary---O !

V.

Had Paris (the shepherd) but seen Mary---O !
The fire of her eyes
Would have gain'd the rich prize,
Each Goddess should yield to my sweet Mary---O !

VI.

How winning the looks of my sweet Mary---O !
The instant she smiles,
You're caught in the toils
Of love, and love's goddess, the sweet Mary---O !

VII.

Ye Gods ! on this world of ours here below,
Ye Gods ! on this world of ours here below,
Take, take ev'ry treasure,
I covet no pleasure,
But that of possessing my sweet Mary---O !

S O N G.

S O N G.

FAITHLESS DAMON, will ye never,
To these arms return again?
Must I sigh and weep for ever?
Must I sigh and weep in vain?

II.

Cruel, perjur'd---dear deceiver,
What has faithful MIRA done?
Can you for another leave her,
And the truest maiden shun?

III.

Wretched she who trusts her lover,
Tho' he vows he ne'er will change,
Man, by nature form'd a rover,
Will in spite of swearing range.

IV.

Slighted love's distracting anguish,
All her joy to sorrow turns,
Who is left in grief to languish
By the youth for whom she burns.



S O N G.

Inscribed to Miss -----, of the GROVE.

SAY, Muse, who's she who wears the crown,
And beauty's glorious prize has won,
Who rivals all the fair in town?
'Tis lovely *Julia L---s.*

Good humour, sense, and wit have join'd
To center in her spotless mind,
To which the graces have combin'd,
To set off *Julia L---s.*

II.

The little cupids, when she smiles,
Are ready with their darts and wiles
To captivate us in the toils
Of love,---and *Julia L---s.*

The gay coquet, the flirt, and prude,
May cry, Oh! la, sir, you are rude;
But I speak truth, and will intrude
My lays on *Julia L---s.*

I've

III.

I've studied ev'ry face I've seen,
 At masque, or play, or ball, or green,
 But all were rival'd by my queen
 Of love, call'd *Julia L---s.*

In her sweet countenance you'll trace
 Celestial truth, ---and ev'ry grace
 That e'er adorn'd a cherub's face,
 All shine in *Julia L---s.*

IV.

Was I possess'd of India's store,
 Or (poet-like) confounded poor,
 I'd feast, ---or beg from door to door
 Contented, so I'd *Julia.*

Thrice happy youth ! immortal Jove,
 Whom you would crown with *Julia's* love ;
 A foretaste of the joys above,
 Is lovely *Julia L---s.*

SONG in PRAISE of WINE.

Addressed to AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.

WHAT a puppy wert thou MIDAS,
What a salv'ling wish was thine !
If you had but been AMYAS,
All you'd touch would turn to wine.

II.

Wine's the source of ev'ry blessing,
Wine would make you stout and bold ;
But 'twas here you play'd the afs in,
Silly fool ! to wish for gold.

III.

Gold ! the fountain of all evil,
Curs'd enslaver of our hearts,
'Twas invented by the Devil ;
Wine's the spring of lib'ral arts.

IV.

See, ye bucks, that rosy liquor,
Which inspires me now to sing ;
It would make an abject beggar
Great as any reigning King.

V.

Wine inspir'd the Grecian poet,
Wine inspir'd the Mantuan swain ;
And, by Jove, I'd have you know it,
Wine enliven'd Shakespeare's brain.

Wine's

VI.

Wine's a liquor sent from heav'n,
 Precious *Lethe* of all care ;
 As ambrosia it was giv'n,
 All who drink it are sincere. *

VII.

Mighty Flacchus, ever sacred,
 Call'd this wine a gentle rack ;
 It divulges ev'ry secret,
 And a knave will honest make.

VIII.

'Twill make a lawyer have a conscience,
 And physicians keep from hell ;
 'Twill tutor grave divines to preach sense,
 And 'twill learn the beau to spell.

IX.

Bacchus now, ye gods, is doating,
 Bacchus must his pow'r resign ;
 If Jove saw us thus a toping,
 He'd crown GARRITH God of Wine.

X.

Come, let ev'ry joyous fellow
 Give a sentiment or song,
 Or a lady,---this is STELLA,
 Ever charming,---fair, and young.

The

* HORACE sweetly gives it the appellation of *Lene Tormentum*: as in liquor people generally divulge their secrets.

The TOASTS. *A* GLEE.

(*From an NEW OPERA.*)

COME jovial boys be merry,
I'll give you a toast in sherry,
Here's ANNA the fair,
Refuse her who dare :
So jovial boys be merry, be merry,
So jovial boys be merry.

II.

Come jovial boys be merry,
I'll toast you in claret, not sherry,
King, country, and laws,
And the protestant cause :
So jovial boys be merry, be merry,
So jovial boys be merry.

III.

Come jovial boys be merry,
Old hock is my liquor, not sherry ;
I'll toast free electors,
And Ireland's protectors :
So jovial boys be merry, be merry,
So jovial boys be merry.

M A Y.

MAY-DAY. SERENETTA.

(From an NEW OPERA.)

CHORUS.

HITHER haste ye nymphs and swains,
Join with us in votive strains;
To sweetest sounds attune the lay,
That celebrates returning May.

S O L O 1st.

Smiling nature now is seen,
New-dress'd in her gaudy green;
And op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,
To scent the odour-breathing gale.

Chorus repeated.

S O L O 2d.

With various song of joy and love
The feather'd warblers fill the grove;
A blissful choir!—Now ev'ry spray
Becomes a vernal orchestra.

Chorus repeated.

The

(68)

S O L O 3d.

The love-sick swain now to the shade
Conducts the long-denying maid ;
There---soon her alter'd accents prove
That gentle May is leagu'd with love.

C H O R U S .

Hither haste ye nymphs and swains,
Join with us in votive strains ;
To sweetest sounds attune the lay,
That celebrates returning May.



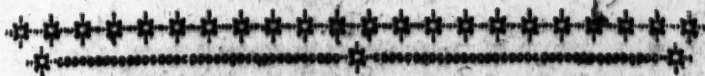
S O N G .

(NEW O P E R A .)

CRUEL Fate ! thy wrath too oft I find :
Ah ! will ye ne'er be gentle ? never kind ?

Morning low'rs---so low'rs the tedious day ;
The ev'ning comes, nor sheds a fairer ray ;
Dull night succeeds, more dismal still than these :
O, Fate ! will you ne'er smile, to give a lover
ease !

S O N G .



S O N G.

(NEW OPERA.)

THO' old folks may grumble, and young
folks may stare,

And, pointing their fingers, cry---see who goes
there !

The new-wedded couple---was e'er the like seen ?
The' bridegroom of sixty, the bride scarce fix-
teen !

---Let such have their humour---I count it no
crime ;

Young and old have their whims, and faith I'll
humour mine.

II.

A bottle of champaign, cries ruby-nos'd Ned ;
No, hang it, cries Dick, bring a charger of red ;
Bring whisky, says Paddy---No ! Watty cries,
rum !

His Rev'rence bawls, porter !--and Moses sings---
mum :

Let such, &c.

Do

III.

Do ye chuse, says my lady, a wing or a breast?
I'm rumpish inclin'd, ma'am---replies the blunt
guest:

Pray, doctor, a slice of my delicate ham?
A cut off the haunch first---I thank you, good
ma'am.

Let such, &c.

IV.

I'm at you, Miss Prudy, for a glass of wine?
Excuse me, sir!---water's my drink when I dine:
Miss Biddy, unpractis'd in these puny ways,
Leers in the cit's face, and cries---*port if you please.*
Let such, &c.

V.

So, higher and lower, in diff'rent degree,
To follow their humour by custom are free:
If right to act thus in small matters, I'll prove
'Tis doubly so in the business of love:
Then, back'd by sound reason, I count it no crime
To link with an help-mate---the humour is mine.

SONG.



S O N G.

(NEW OPERA.)

SHE'S gone ! she's gone !---the cruel fair,
And left her lover in despair ;
Nor cast a pitying glance behind,
To ease the torments of his mind !

But, ah ! why should I sue again,
For certain means of surer pain ?
Her eyes already could endure,
To give the wound they will not cure !



S O N G.

(NEW OPERA.)

OH ! echo to my love-lorn song,
Ye grots who witness'd all my pleasure ;
Ye shades the plaintive notes prolong,
Whose covert oft enshrin'd my treasure !
Ye groves around,
Catch the sad sound ;
'Till with my fond complaint the distant spires
resound.

S O N G.

S O N G.

(NEW OPERA.)

THE weary pilgrim, worn with toil,
Beneath the rude rock sinks to rest ;
Yet playful fancy wakes the while,
Cures all his ills, and leaves him blest.

But, starting from his transient dream,
The soothing vision quickly flies ;
Contrasting so th' surrounding scene,
That his weak heart within him dies.

S O N G.

(NEW OPERA.)

LONG howe'er the tempest rages,
Fierce howe'er the rude winds blow ;
Time at length their wrath assuages,
Checks their force, and lays them low.
Then Sol displays his splendid beams,
Soft Zephyr whispers thro' the grove ;
The 'frighted birds renew their strains,
And all is harmony and love.

C E N T I-

CENTINEL'S SONG.

(NEW OPERA.)

MY fair one's charms so pow'ful are,
My heart they hold in Cupid's snare ;
No pleasure can I ever share,
When absent from dear Bessy.

II.

When first I met her in May-fair,
I took her for a stroling play'r,
So flaunting and so debonaire
Appear'd my charming Bessy.

III.

When at me she began to glare,
I look'd as wild as any hare,
Confounded by the splendid glare
That shone round charming Bessy.

G

I prick'd

IV.

I prick'd up heart, and with an air
That might become my lord the mayor,
Brush'd up and stuck myself as near
As ' could to charming Bessy.

V.

Says she, in wrath---" You savage bear !
" I'm none o' your trulls---you've no business
here !"
I lik'd her for't, I vow and swear,
The virtuous, charming Bessy.

VI.

I softly whisper'd in her ear,
" Come, take a glass of gin, my dear !"
She kindly said, " I don't much care ;"
Who tripp'd but I and Bessy.

VII.

Now would I tell, 'twould make you stare,
How oft I kiss'd and smack'd here there,
And more---durst I the truth declare,
So dearly I lov'd Bessy.

VIII.

From that time forth I'm sure there ne'er
Liv'd such another happy pair,
Nor can again live any where,
As I and charming Bessy.

IX.

At length, in spite of many a pray'r,
The rout it came, then came despair ;
And well I wot it was severe
To part with charming Bessy.

X.

When to the wharf I did repair,
Poor soul ! she kiss'd me on the stair,
And bade farewell, with many a tear !
The tender hearted Bessy.



S O N G.

(NEW OPERA.)

THE maiden's fate, alas ! how hard,
Whose soft heart yields to gentle love,
Yet by tyrannic pow'r's debarr'd
Those joys united lovers prove !

The willow water'd by the lake,
Shoots vernal branches to the sky ;
Which, if transplanted to the brake,
Would bow its shrivell'd head and die.

G 2

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Addressed to a LADY professing PLATONIC
LOVE.*

LOVELY reas'ner! when I spy
In thy more than speaking eye,
Melting glances that inspire
Soft delight and fond desire:

II.

Can I, LAURA! e'er suppose
That within no ardeur glows!
But that, free to love profess'd,
Friendship only warms your breast.

III.

When the blazing god of day
Warms all nature with his ray,
Could you think, my fair! if told,
That the god himself is cold?

Leave

IV.

Leave then to romantic fools
 Dull, platonic, stupid rules,
 And plainly speak without disguise,
 Or else refer me to your eyes.



S O N G.

THE urchin Cupid t'other day
 At random shot a dart,
 And, in the urchin's am'rous play,
 Transfix'd it in my heart.

II.

Unus'd before to feel his pow'r,
 I felt the stroke more keen;
 And since that fatal, hapless hour,
 His humble slave I've been.

III.

Teach me, ye pow'rs divine, to bear
 The smart, yet pleasing pain;
 And, oh! inspire the peerless fair
 To ease her lover's chain.

G 3,

With

IV.

With her, in penury or wealth,
(For love no medium knows)
In sickness, pale, or blooming health,
My heart would find repose.

V.

How poor are all the empty toys
And pageantry of kings,
Compar'd with those extatick joys
Which mental pleasure brings !

VI.

My heav'nly maid, then let your breast
With mutual ardour burn ;
Consent to make your lover blest,
Who'll bless you in return.

AN HUNTING SONG.

YE bloods who chuse good company,
Good hunting, and good wine,
Attend the Old Rock Harriers,
'Tis there choice spirits shine :
And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go.

II.

We hunt from break of day till noon,
And then we quit our sport,
For claret, mirth, and sweet content---
More than are known at court :
And a toping we will go, will go, will go,
And a toping we will go.

III.

We toast our king, and country's friends,
And sit till dawn of day ;
And then reluctantly we part,
Rous'd by Apollo's ray :
And a sporting we do go, do go, do go,
And a sporting we do go.

May.

(80)

IV.

May ev'ry worthy Harrier
Live happy many years,
In peace and love enjoy their lives,
Unknowing cares or fears :
While a sporting we do go, do go, do go,
While a sporting we do go.

THE FREE MASON'S WISH.

COMPOSED FOR THE
ORANGE LODGE,
BELFAST.

No. 257.

IN the social amusements of life let us live,
Prove ev'ry delight love and friendship can give,
Where easy good nature gives converse a zest,
And sense in the light robe of humour is drest ;
Where wisdom, and beauty, and strength all combine,

Our souls to improve, and our tempers refine ;
Where arts of past ages, by compass and rule,
Are taught in our Lodge, as of science the school.

At

II.

At festival board, where fair Phœbe may share
 The jest which her pureness unsullied might bear,
 Unblushing enjoy, unreprieving approve,
 While Masons toast freely to friendship and love :
 Where wisdom, and beauty, and strength all com-
 bine,

Our souls to improve, and our tempers refine ;
 Where arts of past ages, by compass and rule,
 Are taught in our Lodge, as of science the school.

III.

Time was made as a blessing, not dealt as a curse,
 The troubles of life are by pining made worse ;
 The sullen recluse may disrelish our plan---
 But we'll live, and we'll love, and we'll laugh
 while we can.

Where wisdom, and beauty and strength all com-
 bine,

Our souls to improve, and our tempers refine ;
 Where arts of past ages, by compass and rule,
 Are taught in our Lodge, as of science the school.

S O N G.

SONG, *written on receiving the News of*
RODNEY's Victory over the French, and of
 IRELAND's EMANCIPATION-----
 23d MAY, 1782.

HAIL ! glorious Hibernia, unrival'd in fame,
 Thy foes in confusion turn pale at thy name ;
 On the rock of sweet Liberty seated sublime,
 Uninjur'd, you'll brave out the billows of time ;
 Your colours shall wave, and still glory ensue,
 And freedom shall e'er find a guardian in you :
 Huzza ! for Hibernia, whom freedom secures,
 For our KING, Fox, and Conway, and Shel-
 burne are yours.

II.

Let Spain boast of treasures that grow in her mines,
 Let Galia rejoice in her olives and vines ;
 With her bright sparkling jewels let India prevail ;
 With her odours Arabia perfume ev'ry gale :
 'Tis Ireland alone can now boast of her soil,
 Where the fair fruits of freedom, and liberty smile:
 Huzza ! for Hibernia, whom freedom secures,
 For all sects and persuasions, united, are yours.

Our

Our bosoms in rapture beat high at the name
Of our brave Volunteers, who stand foremost in
fame, [nown,

May our sons like ourselves still preserve their re-
And never their arms or freedom lay down :

Smile ye guardians of freedom, your heroes implore
That Ireland shall flourish till time is no more.

Huzza ! for Hibernia, whom freedom secures,
For *Charlemont*, *Grattan*, and *Brownlow* are yours.

IV.

Now *Rodney* triumphant rides over the waves,
A terror to *Galia*, whose sons e'er were slaves ;
Let our troops nobly conquer France, Holland,
and Spain,

With one soul we'll unite, and our laurels regain ;
'Tis the charter of freedom, attend to our call,
United we'll flourish,---divided we'll fall.

Huzza ! for Hibernia, whom freedom secures,
For *Portland*, *Burgoyne*, and *Fitzpatrick* are yours.

V.

See ! in sweetness of beauty our daughters arise,
With rose-blooming cheeks, and love-languishing
eyes :

Haste ye heroes, cry'd Cupid, to Ireland repair,
Fit consorts (the fairest) you'll surely find there ;
For to whom shall those blessings of freedom descend
But to those who will freedom for ever defend ?
Huzza ! for Hibernia, whom freedom secures,
For beauty, peace, plenty, and virtue are yours.

Oh



ON A LADY'S SINGING.

WHEN CLARINDA'S voice you hear,
 Charming, warb'ling, sweet and clear,
 Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry muse,
 Round the fair their stations chuse;
 Graces here, and muses there,
 Graces, muses, ev'ry where,
 Round her all, yet make no throng,
 All conspiring in her song.

Thus the bees in Hybla bred,
 Seek each rose and violet bed,
 Range the gardens, meadows, fields,
 Sip what flow'r or blossom yields,
 And blend their labours when they meet,
 Making one unrivall'd sweet.

EVENING



EVENING COMPLAINT.

THE sun had dipp'd into the western main,
 The vesper bells had chim'd the solemn peal,
 The shades of ev'ning lengthen'd o'er the plain,
 And, with grave step, night onward 'gan to
 steal :

When **LYCAS** sought the solemn, silent grove,
 That shrouds the lonely Temple of the Nine,
 T' indulge, retir'd, his plaintive song of love,
 And pay obeisance at the sacred shrine.

S O N G.

YE Muses ! who the best can charm,
 O teach me the endearing art,
 With love's sublime impulse to warm,
 My dear **CLARINDA's** gentle heart :

And, ah ! instruct the sigh to swell,
 The tear to flow, the heart to beat,
 When forc'd to bid a sad farewell,
 If we are doom'd no more to meet !

H

O ! fair

O ! fair CLARINDA, wert thou mine,
 My cup of bliss would overflow ;
 Life's sun without a cloud would shine,
 We'd make a little Heav'n below.

Thro' shady groves, and flow'ry ways,
 With thee how fondly could I stray,
 Collecting all the sweets that please,
 The offspring of luxuriant May.

To court with thee the muse---how sweet !
 To sing the pleasures of the year !
 The season's various beauties greet ;
 The season's various minstrels hear !

Great nature's order would engage,
 Each rural wonder would improve,
 (From smiling youth, to placid age)
 The links which bind our hearts in love.

Fond thoughts, CLARINDA, will prevail,
 Fond love requires their soothing care ;
 Light fancy sometimes will assail
 The strongest bulwarks of despair :

Let me then cheat the painful hours,
 While far with-held from thy sweet smiles,
 In fairy fancy's fruitful bow'rs,
 Where taste invites, and hope beguiles.

What

What blessings cannot fancy give ?---

Ah ! flatt'ring all, and unsincere !
Far from CLARINDA must I live,
The slave of love, the child of care !

Soon o'er old Ocean's foamy wave,
Haply by fav'ring breezes borne,
I go to dare th' awaiting grave,
Or grasp at laurels yet unworn.

Yet trust,---tho' distant far I stray,
CLARINDA's unimpair'd regard,
Will sooth me on the arduous way
Which leads thro' danger to reward.

Then, if coy fortune proves my friend,
And fate points out my natal shore,
At Hymen's holy shrine I'll bend,
And never leave CLARINDA more.

+++++

The SHEPHERD'S DESPAIR.

PASTORAL.

CEASE, memory, cease to recall,
 The raptures which lately were mine,
 When LAURA, tho' sigh'd for by all,
 To me, to me only was kind !
 I rose with the lark in the morn,
 And merrily sung all the day ;
 No shepherd was ever yet born,
 So blith, so enamour'd so gay.

When MILO lamented his fate,
 And call'd giddy JESSY untrue,
 I banter'd his dastardly gait,
 And told him I'd teach him to woo :
 Ah ! little I dreamt that my fair,
 Would leave me in sorrow to sigh ;
 Now, now is my time for despair !
 Than MILO more wretched am I.

At

At no festive sports now I'm found,
Which us'd my gay hours to solace ;
Deep solitude shrouds me around,
And thoughtfulness ruins my peace.

I shun now the transparent brook,
Which formerly pleas'd me the most,
Because it reflects my wan look,
So alter'd !---I seem like a ghost.

In vain I to music resort ;
Books, too, I apply to in vain ;
For love in my breast keeps his court,
And triumphs---in spite of disdain.
Tho' my sighs with neglect she regards,
Tho' my tears she unheeded looks o'er ;
Tho' my pray'rs she with taunting rewards,
Yet LAURA still, still I adore !

Then, shepherds, I'll bid you adieu,
No more my complainings shall teize ;
The pity I meet with from you,
But heightens my hopeless disease.

To the bosom of some gloomy grove,
Alone, I'll in silence retire,
(The last, sad resource of true love !)
And, blessing fair LAURA, expire.

The TRANSITION.

TO DELIA.

AH! DELIA, tell me why you fly
 Vale-Arno's ever-smiling shades?
 Can crowded scenes in beauty vie
 With our green groves and painted meads?
 How can the pride of pomp and luxury,
 So long detain you far from love and me?

In fond embrace the elms entwine,
 The myrtles smile, the tulips glow;
 The jess'mine buds encircling climb
 The shaded bow'r, where roses blow:
 Ah! DELIA, tell me why such scenes as these
 Can't more than balls, and routs, and revels
 please?

The

The palms we planted by the brook,
 And fondly *Delia, Damon*, nam'd,
 Like sad, unfriended orphans look,
 Depriv'd of half the care they claim'd :-
 The brook, alike impatient of delay,
 In never-ceasing murmurs chides your stay.

The sounding dell no more repeats
 The plaintive pauses of my flute ;
 The rustick pipe no more elates ;
 The warblers of the wood are mute :
 The hill, the rock, the lake that charm'd before,
 Since *DELIA'S* absent can delight no more.

What means this flutt'ring in my breast ?
 So late the residence of care ;
 What means yon breathless shepherd's haste ?
 --O, Heav'n ! --- 'tis she --- my long-lost fair !
 Mine eyes, illumin'd by the joy-shed tear,
 Now view the ALL on earth that I revere.

Sing out, ye birds, your blithest strains,
 Sweet echo mock the vocal grove ;
 Adorn your crooks, ye nymphs and swains,
 Swell ev'ry flute with notes of love :
 For *DELIA* comes ! --- with Hymen in her train,
 To bless her lover, and delight the plain.

On.



On Miss -----'s return to -----.

HOW long, how oft have I deplor'd
My DELIA's absence from the plain,
Time's healing hand could nought afford
To soften or remove my pain.

Improv'd in ev'ry former charm,
Again the lovely maid appears;
Come, hope I once more my bosom warm,
Dispel my doubts, repress my fears.

Not life restor'd to those we mourn,
Could greater, purer joy impart,
Than long-lov'd DELIA's safe return
Affords to DAMON's constant heart.

What tho' unknown to noisy fame,
To fortune's partial smiles unknown;
Nor aught of merit can I claim,
Except from faithful love alone !

VEL

Yet sure my tender passion's such
 As gentle DELIA must approve,
 And, flatt'ring thought ! perhaps may touch
 Her sympathatic soul with love,

Fond man ! of fancy's airy train,
 And too aspiring dreams, beware ;
 They bid you hope---alas ! in vain,---
 For reason,---reason, cries---despair !



A R I D D L E.

THERE'S a being in nature as light as a
 feather,

As fickle as wind, as inconstant as weather ;
 Now cruel, now kind ; now sweet, and now sour ;
 Never wears the same humour or conduct one
 hour :

It's a lion, a lamb, an eagle, a dove ;
 All fierceness, all tameness, all hate and all love :
 It can swear and protest, yet its vows are so frail,
 That he who relies on't, has an eel by the tail.

To a LADY, who presented the Author with a
BOQUET of FLOWERS.

DEAR gift---how fitly thou'rt contriv'd
To fan a lover's new-caught flame !
Each sweet remembrance is reviv'd,
On viewing thee, from whence ye came.

The blushing red, *her* bloom of youth,
And ardour of *my* flame portrays ;
The virgin white *my* changeless truth,
Her spotless innocence displays.

The lively green, *her* wit and sense,
My young aspiring passion shews ;
The purple buds, *my* bold pretence,
Her worth and consequence disclose.

Oft as to my fond heart they're prest,
Each time I breathe their sweets divine,
Recalls the fragrance of *her* breast,
Who kindly plac'd these flow'rs in mine.

But

But, lo! AMANDA, while I sing,
 My touch the fading beauties fly!
 So late they shew'd the bloom of spring,
 And now, alas! they with'ring lie.

Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r,
 That graces youth's too transient day:
 Then seize, sweet maid, the fleeting hour,
 And bless a lover while you may.



CHARACTER of Miss -----.

MATCHLESS virtue, not assuming,
 Modest sense, without presuming;
 Temper even, taste refin'd,
 Art with nature nicely join'd;
 Carriage strict, yet full of ease,
 Open mien that's sure to please;
 Ready wit, but not severe,
 Fit to please the gravest ear;
 Wisdom all her paths inspects,
 All her actions truth directs:
 Yet I must conceal her name,
 Praise like mine but wrongs her fame.

C O M.

COMPLAINT.

O Say, thou arch tormentor, love !
Why am I singly doom'd to prove
The malice of thy dart ?
Why is the nymph for whom I sigh,
For whom I live, for whom I'd die,
Not taught to bear a part ?

Must I for ever pine and grieve,
For ever mourn, without relieve,
And never more be free ?
While she in sportive circles gay,
Incautious dances life away,
Nor thinks of love or me !

When silent night, in sable drest,
Invites the world to peaceful rest,
Why do I wakeful lie ?
While she in silken slumber sinks,
Nor haply dreams, nor fondly thinks
Of such a wretch as I !

White.

While other swains, elate and free,
Catch various pleasures as they flee,

I waste my days in grief :

And she, immerg'd in pleasure's sea,
Sails heedless down the milky way,

Nor bids me hope relief !

In vain the muse indulgent deigns

To visit a poor wretch in chains,

And sooth the pensive hour :

Nor verse, nor harmony can move

The flinty breast of her I love,

Or win her to my bow'r !

Then, MIRA, since nor sighs nor tears,

Nor honest vows, nor fervent pray'rs,

Can melt your frozen heart ;

Farewell !---all happiness be thine !

May you ne'er feel a pang like mine,

When from my ALL I part.

* * * * *

The A D I E U.

FAREWELL, lov'd maid !---farewell, with
many a tear !

Farewell, with thee, to all my soul holds dear !
Where'er I go, by fate or fortune led,
War's loudest thunders raging round my head ;
Borne by rough whirlwinds to a distant shore,
My sad heart whispers to return no more ;
Still shall thy lov'd idea fill my soul,
Inspire each action, and direct the whole :
And if pre-doom'd to press an hostile plain,
'Midst gasping crowds the earliest victim slain ;
More than his own thy pangs shall wound his
mind,

Who leaves his POLLY, and his peace behind !

The ENAMOURETTA.

To Miss -----.

① Thou, by heav'n adorn'd with ev'ry grace
To captivate and rule the human race ;
O! thou, by heav'n endow'd with ev'ry charm,
The hardest heart to melt, the coldest warm :
To thee, sweet maid, I speak---O! kindly hear,
The fond effusions of a heart sincere !

Can love be always led in cautions reins ?
Must fear and doubt still hold the will in chains ?
Ah ! no---fierce love, like a sequester'd fire,
When long suppress'd, bursts forth with ten-fold ire.

Oft have I strove, in secret strove to wrest
Love's fest'ring arrow from my bleeding breast ;
But to transfix it still I strive in vain,
Each effort adds new torture to my pain.
---And sure a form so fair, so sweet as thine,
Must an angelic, heav'nly soul enshrine ;

Full of soft pity, melting at distress,
 Pleas'd to forgive, and generous to bless :
 Ah ! would that tenderness to me extend,
 Then might my sorrows know an happy end !
 A kind, approving glance from thy bright eyes,
 Would cancel years of sorrow and of sighs !

Long have I lov'd, and ne'er that love reveal'd,
 My conscious fears still kept my love conceal'd.
 When early youth dawn'd on your smiling face,
 With rapture I observ'd each rising grace ;
 Blest the young angel---breath'd a tender sigh---
 Felt a fond pang---and weakly wonder'd why !
 But now that all your charms collected blaze,
 What wonder you should captivate with ease ?
 The flow'r that shrinks before the morning sun,
 Will perish e'er his mid-day course is run :
 So I, the slave of early beauty doom'd,
 Must by meridian splendor be consum'd.
 ---Shall it be so, sweet maid ?---or kindly say
 May I submit to hope's indulgent sway ?
 And, O ! dear lady, think what now depends !
 Your smiles give life---your frowns my being
 ends.

L O V E

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LOVE AND SENSIBILITY.

TO CLARINDA.

WHILE some lone bird upon the mountain's
brow

Cheers the poor rustic as he tends his plow,
Her notes melodious pierce th' encircl'ing air,
And breathe the soul of love in softest pray'r :
So, from that hour when first my heart aspir'd
To call thee mine, by pure affection fir'd,
Each matin song glow'd with my lover's name,
And ev'ning carols echo'd back the same ;
The gayer scenes had lost their pow'r to please,
And contemplation only offer'd ease.
Blest solitude ! I cry'd, all hail to thee !
Thou friend of love ! the mind's true liberty !
To thee I flee ; thy shades shall yield repose,
And cank'ring wounds with lenient balsam close :
Thy sacred haunts no busy tongues defile ;
Thence slander flies---concomitant of guile.
Oh ! what is love---that tortures while it charms ?
A double source of double-fac'd alarms :

It bids me doubt-----then smiles my doubts
away,

(The dubious sunshine of a winter's day !)

But, ever changing, fear again prevails,

And deep anxiety my peace assails.

Yet, if of happiness this earth can boast,

Let me ayer 'tis those possess it most

Who know sweet sensibility's extremes,

The soul's pain'd, pleasing, transitory dreams :

For what insensibility can taste,

Are all but empty pleasures, void of zest.

Give me by tender sympathy to know

The secret springs of ev'ry sufferer's woe ;

My heart shall share, my ready wish relieve,

And what I want in pow'r, in pity give.

Oh ! should I, doom'd to exquisite distress,

Feel all the pangs of keen unhappiness ;

My mis'ry heighten'd by no friend's approach,

To cheer my dreary, solitary couch ;

E'en then, whatever my tortur'd breast en-
dure,

I would not wish less feeling for a cure :

'Tis this secures our high degrees of bliss,

In the pure realms of never-ending peace.

Celestial maid ! fair Hope ! to thee I fly,

And in thy look benign late joys descry :

But if to taste the cup of bliss while here

Shall be deny'd---and ever anxious care

Prey

Prey on my heart---'twas love which gave the
wound,

Love ! which eternity itself can't bound.

Love is our bus'ness while we pass thro' time ;

Love our delight in the angelic clime !

'Tis Love I celebrate, the name's divine !

And makes ev'n nature's gloomy prospects shine.

=====

Written on returning a young L A D Y 's

R I N G .

THY ring, sweet maid, I give again,

And give therewith a sad adieu !

Thy ring, the type of wedlock's chain,

In losing which I part with you :

Thy ring, which binds for life the vowing bride,

And bids fond hope, and fonder love subside.

Take it---and O ! may the blest youth

Who haply gains thy tender vows,

Possess the all of worth and truth

That merits so divine a spouse :

And, oft as this fix'd pledge of faith you see,

Ah ! think of him, who ceaseless thinks of thee.

C L A R A



CLARA TO LEONIDAS.

ALAS ! how little of ourselves we know ;
 How small a part perform of what we owe :
 We promise friendship, and perhaps intend ;
 But soon forget the promise and the friend.
 Can you, whom late I thought by far the best,
 Prove, void of honour, worthless as the rest ?
 Say, why did you eternal friendship swear ?
 Or why invoke the gracious gods to hear
 'Those vows you meant to break ?---Deceiv'd by
 you,

I must conclude that men are never true ;
 Their solemn falshoods unregarded hear,
 And all connections with the sex forswear.
 Why are they giv'n, ye gods, superior sense ?
 Or why endow'd with soft'ning eloquence ?
 The pow'rs you give they use but to betray,
 While reason's sceptre yields to passion's sway.
 But you, LEONIDAS, I thought had been
 By much above the common race of men ;

Too

Too sure I thought so, and your vows believ'd,
 Nor dreamt (fond fool) I'd ever be deceiv'd !
 Nor were your vows to love, but friendship
 made ;

Think on your promise, and yourself upbraid.
 What god-like virtues in your bosom meet !
 You want but constancy to be complete.
 A mind so noble, and a form so fair !
 Pity one thought deform'd should harbour there.
 Reflect a moment, ask your conscious breast
 By whom those lines were wrote, to whom ad-
 dress'd,

And 'twill inform you---for you can't but see
 They were design'd for you, and wrote by me.

The D E C L A R A T I O N.

O Say, ye pow'rs who patronize true love,
Am I for ever doom'd to sigh in vain ?
Will no kind minute give me leave to move
My plaintive suit, in pity to my pain ?

Must N Y S A's darling image fill my breast,
With all the sad vicissitudes of woe ;
Must her belov'd idea steal my rest,
And I not truly, fondly tell her so ?

Must I adore with more than *Ovid's* fire,
Must I admire with more than *Petrarch's* zeal,
Must I a victim to fond love expire,
And not the ardour of my flame reveal ?

Oh ! no :---Sweet maid, for whom alone I live,
To thee an humble present I will bear,
Accept it gently---for I freely give---
The bleeding off'ring of a heart sincere.

Yes

Yes, darling N Y S A, take my captive heart,
(You, who have conquer'd, must the trophies
wear)

You'll find it faithful, pure, devoid of art ;
And, ah ! protect it with a lover's care !

And sure the heav'nly radiance of thy face,
The melting sweetness of thy modest eye,
Thy beautiful form, replete with ev'ry grace,
Can not the softness of thy soul belie ?

Then go, fond heart, to N Y S A's gentle breast,
And there implore her pitying pow'r to save !
She's good,---and sure will smile on thy request,
Nor frowning sink thee lower than the grave.

The A D V I C E.

T O M I S S -----.

KITTY, think, though ev'ry grace
Sparkles in thy charming face,
Though thy fine complexion shows
Lillies blended with the rose,
Though thy features gaily shine,
Though thy form's almost divine,
Yet should'st thou (which heav'n avert)
With an unrelenting heart,
Cloth'd with cruel killing airs,
Laugh at all thy lover's pray'rs;
KITTY, now so mild so good,
Should become an arrant prude,
Peevish as three-score and ten,
Scorn of virgins, jest of men,

Think not, fair one, that your slave
Vainly means in verse to rave;
Friendship only bids me say,
Love and Beauty have their day.

Written

Written on seeing a LADY'S PICTURE.

IF torn from all we hold most dear,
 The tedious moments slowly roll;
 Can music's tend'rest accents cheer
 The silent grief that melts the soul?
 Or can the poet's boasted art,
 The healing balm of peace impart?

Ah! no---'tis only painting's pow'r
 Can sooth the sad, the painful hour;
 Can bring the much-lov'd form to view,
 In features exquisitely true:
 The sparkling eye, the blooming face,
 The shape adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 To nature's self scarce yields the doubtful strife,
 Swell from the deep'ning shade and ask the gift
 of life.

K

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

AH ! what avails th' attempt to guard the
 mind
 'Gainst tyrant love, and all his train of cares ?
 Or what to fly ? he follows still behind,
 And, fowler like, pursues me to his snares,
 Why does my heart the pleasing bondage dread ?
 Why wish its freedom longer to maintain ?
 Why are its former dearest comforts fled ?
 Why does it wear reluctantly its chain ?
 Is not AMANDA tender, just, and wise ;
 Blest with a soul to pity e'er inclin'd ?
 Can she its suff'rings slight, its pangs despise ?
 Can with such sweetness cruelty be join'd ?
 Oh ! no---she's mild as rosy-finger'd morn ;
 Gentle as ev'ning zephyr's fanning breeze :
 In that soft breast, nor cruelty nor scorn
 Can dwell---there all is innocence and peace.

Thien

Then fly, my muse, and make my passion known,
 In softest accents all my pangs relate :
 Tell her I wish to live for her alone ;
 Tell her I die, if she decrees my fate.

With her, a cot to grandeur I'd prefer,
 And learn to bear the rustick's daily toil ;
 I'd plough the glebe, or press the spade, for her,
 Or cultivate, each way, the fruitful soil.

For her, the northern, wintry blasts I'd brave ;
 For her, the dog-star's sultry heats despise :
 For her, I'd labour thro' the Greenland wave,
 Or seek, thro' burning zones, the golden prize.

Yet stay, rash youth, call reason to her throne ;
 Say, whence thy hopes AMANDA to obtain ?
 What merit can'st thou boast, save love alone !
 That merit, reason tells thee, is but vain.

Where are thy acres ? where thy stores of gold ?
 Where ev'n the means a rustick life to lead ?
 Seek them thro' India's heats, or Greenland's cold,
 Then plead thy passion, if thy toils succeed.

O stay, my muse ! nor bear the plaintive tale,
 Lest it disturb AMANDA's tender breast :
 O let my sharpest suff'rings still prevail,
 Or let me die, so she be ever blest !



The DESPAIRING LOVER.

CURS'D be thy arts of soft deceiving,
Curs'd be thy pow'r, thou tyrant Love !

Bleeds this sad heart beyond relieving,
And bleeds for her it cannot move :
Then triumph o'er thy tortur'd slave ;
I soon shall triumph---in the grave !

I scorn to fold my arms in sorrow,
Or pensive wander o'er the plain,
A tender joy from grief to borrow,
A plaintive pleasure o'en from pain :
Madness and rage my bosom share,
Death all my hope---my pride Despair !

For sure her liquid eye so shining,
Would warm the coldest hermit's breast ;
And sure to see her soft reclining,
Would rob the happiest of his rest !---
Then never can my torments end,
The grave shall be my bosom friend !

Her

Her lovely form, all forms excelling,
 In ev'ry gesture breathes a grace ;
 O ! in that bosom fondly swelling,
 Might pity once obtain a place !
 No ills on earth could make me know,
 If she were kind, a moment's woe !

With what a wild extatick pleasure,
 The mad'ning transports would I prove,
 Hold to my heart the glowing treasure,
 Pant with excess of raging love ;
 Riot o'er all the varied bliss,
 And die amid the frantic kiss !

O spare my reason, fend illusion,
 Nor thus with fancied raptures move ;
 My sorrows all are near conclusion :
 O spare my reason, tyrant Love !
 Then triumph o'er thy tortur'd slave,
 I soon shall triumph---in the grave !



O D E.

A H, Fortune ! wilt thou never smile
 And have I woo'd thee still in vain ?
 And is the meed of all my toil,
 But sharper woe, severer pain ?

Ah, **DELIA**, fairest of the fair !
 Say, must thy beauty only prove
 My earliest wish, my latest care,
 But still the foe of hapless love ?

Ah, Love ! in mountains wert thou bred,
 Nurs'd in some monster's horrid cave ?
 Thy tyrant pow'r we view with dread,
 Which wounds the youth, affrights the brave.

Hence, ruthless passion, mockery hence,
 Nor let me feel thy cruel sway ;
 Come hours of careless innocence,
 Return and cheer life's ling'ring day.

Return,

Return, with all thy smiling train;
 The gay, quick thought, the fancy mild;
 Each infant bliss, return again,
 And chase far hence these tumults wild.

Season of thoughtless joy ! in vain
 The muse thy fancied aid implores;
 The smiling pleasures of thy train
 Seek distant climes, and happier shores.

Let me, while others idly gay
 'Mid proud ambition's trophies shine,
 Unknown, attune my artless lay;
 Be careless ease and leisure mine.

And oh ! may friendship bless the hour
 With temper'd joys, with social glee;
 May wit, may fancy grace my bow'r,
 For these, AMINTOR, dwell with thee.

In vain shall beauty's artful smile
 Again assail my love-rent heart;
 Friendship shall ward the pow'ful guile,
 And all her milder bliss impart.

With thee, AMINTOR, may I rove
 Where science points the arduous way;
 And leave the idle toys of love
 To breasts as idle and as gay.

Thus

(116)

Thus, thro' the varying scenes of life,
Shall friendship gild the fleeting hour,
Dispel each ruffling storm of strife,
And give to joy its noblest pow'rs.

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LOVE RELINQUISHED.

THANKS, NYE, to thy trench'rous arts,
At length I breathe again ;
The pitying Gods have ta'en my part,
And eas'd a wretches pain.

I feel, I feel that from its chain
My rescu'd soul is free ;
Nor is it now I idly dream
Of fancied liberty.

Extinguish'd is my ancient flame,
All calm my thoughts remain ;
And artful love in vain shall strive
To lurk beneath disdain.

No longer when thy name I hear,
My conscious colour flies ;
No longer when thy face I see,
My heart's emotions rise.

I sleep.

I sleep, yet not in ev'ry dream
 Thy image pictur'd see;
 I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
 Fix its first thoughts on thee.

From thee far distant when I roam,
 No fond concern I know;
 With thee I stray, nor yet from thence
 Does pain or pleasure flow.

Oft of fair Nysa's charms I speak,
 Nor thrills my stedfast heart;
 Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
 Yet feel no inward smart.

No quick alarm confounds my sense;
 While Nysa near I see;
 E'en with a rival I can smile,
 And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,
 Or treat me with disdain--
 Vain is to me the look severe,
 The gentle smile in vain.

Lost is the empire o'er my soul,
 Which once those lips possess'd;
 Those eyes no longer can divine
 Each secret of my breast.

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What pleasures now unbend my mind,
 What makes me grave or gay,
 It is not in thy pow'r to give,
 Nor canst thou take away.

Each pleasant spot without thee charms,
 The wood, the mead, the hill,
 And scenes of dulness, e'en with thee,
 Are scenes of dulness still.

Judge if I speak with tongue sincere,
 Thou still art wond'rous fair;
 Great are the beauties of thy form,
 But none beyond compare.

And let not truth offend thine ear,
 My eyes at length incline
 To spy out faults in that lov'd face,
 Which once appear'd divine.

When from its secret, deep recess,
 I tore the painful dart,
 (My shameful weakness I confess)
 It seem'd to split my heart.

But to relieve a tortur'd mind,
 To triumph o'er disdain,
 To gain my captive self again,
 I'd suffer ev'ry pain.

Caught

Caught by the birdlime's treach'rous twigs,
 To which he chane'd to stray,
 The bird his fasten'd feathers leaves,
 And gladly flies away :

His shorten'd wings he soon renews,
 Of snarcs no more afraid ;
 Then grows by past experience wise,
 Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
 My passion fully o'er,
 Because I oft repeat the tale,
 And still add something more.

'Tis natural instinct prompts my tongue,
 And makes my story last,
 As all mankind are fond to boast
 Of dangers they are past.

The soldier thus, the combat o'er,
 Recounts his bloody wars ;
 Tells all the hardships which he bore,
 And shows his dang'rous fears :

Thus the glad slave, by prosp'rous fate
 Free'd from his servile chain,
 Shews to each friend the galling weight,
 Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I speak,

I speak, yet speaking's all my aim,---

'Tis all to please my mind ;

I speak, yet care not if my words

With thee can credit find :

I speak, nor ask if my discourse

Is e'er approv'd by thee,

Or whether thou with equal ease

Can speak again of me.

I leave a light, inconstant maid :

Thou'lt lost a heart sincere :

I know not which wants pity most,

Or which has most to fear.

I'm sure a swain more fond and true

NYSA can never find ;

A nymph like her is quickly found,

False, faithless, and unkind.

Written on seeing a beautiful married LADY on
Horseback.

SUCH grace ! such beauty ! such majestic
mein !

Sure ne'er adorn'd the lovely Paphian Queen ?
She (goddess born) was beauteous to behold,
With flowing tresses, and with robes of gold ;
But then her looks the wanton rake betray'd,
For 'mongst e'en deities you'll find a jade :
Whilst you, sweet ANNA, with attractive grace,
And ev'ry excellence of mind and face,
Adorn'd with virtue,---shall all souls inspire,
And make them pant with extatick desire ;
Sigh to behold such charms possess'd by one,
And envy him who calls you all his own.
Not Jove himself, the god whose thunders roll,
Whose sov'reign mandates fly from pole to pole,
Did e'er create a fairer female mind,
Or soul more sentimentally inclin'd.
Thrice happy then your spouse ! insur'd of bliss !
What earthly happiness can equal his ?
Had I the spacious globe on which I move,
I'd give it all to purchase ANNA's love.

On

On Miss -----'s removing to the COUNTRY,
for the SUMMER SEASON.

THE crouded town my ANNA flies,
For purer air, and clearer skies :
The gay parade, the flaunting mall,
The brilliant route, the splendid ball,
She quits for silent groves and shades,
For crystal streams, and flow'ry meads.

O! ANNA, were I but with thee,
How blest, how happy would I be !
With thee I'd seek the mantling bow'rs ;
For thee I'd choose the gayest flow'rs :
With rural taste, and lover's care,
I'd weave the chaplet for thy hair ;
Around thy heav'nly brows I'd twine,
Green laurel, and gay eglantine :
One favour'd boquer, doubly blest,
Should bloom in thy enchanting breast ;
And wreathies of roses should be plac'd
In happy splend'or round thy waist.

L. 2

When:

When to elude the mid-day heat,
 With thee I'd seek the cool retreat,
 Sweet shrubs, that healthful odours shed,
 Around the grotto I would spread :
 Of fairest fruit, with taste and care,
 A choice collation I'd prepare ;
 The pear, the pomegranet, the peach,
 Should tempt you to partake of each.
 And if, with *Phæbus*' rays oppress'd,
 You slumbering sink in balmy rest,
 Ambitious of a waking smile,
 I'd watch my charmer all the while.
 Should *Zephyrus*, too proud of bliss,
 Urge, unrestrain'd, his am'rous kiss,
 A fence of woodbine I would raise,
 To mitigate the forward breeze.
 If on thy cheek, so like the rose,
 A butterfly should court repose,
 The fond intruder I'd remove,
 Lest he'd awake my sleeping love.

What ne'er from guarded coyness steals,
 Th' unconscious dreamer oft reveals ;
 Oh ! should your broken phrases prove
 That I alone possess your love,
 Ye gods ! what rapture would I feel !
 Too fierce, too violent to conceal :---
 For frantick, and too highly blest,
 Perhaps I'd strain thee to my breast,

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And press thy honey'd lips to mine,
 Unconscious of the fervent crime :
 When sudden starting---with surprize,
 You fearful open your bright eyes,---
 How self-condemn'd would I appear !
 How could I meet your look severe ?
 ---Methinks, as at your feet I lie
 Imploring pardon, you reply---

" Ah me ! is DAMON then so rude !

" I thought him gentle---worthy---good."

---" O think so still, my fair ! " I'd cry,

" You have receiv'd no injury :

" How can you now your DAMON blame,

" For whom you own'd a gen'rous flame,

" E'er I dissolv'd your golden dream ? "

" Ah ! have I then such weakness shewn !

" Is all my heart to DAMON known ? "

" Yes ! dear possessor of my soul,

" Fair dreamer, yes ! you own'd the whole !

" Not all the sweets of infant spring,

" Such blessings to creation bring ;

" Not half so grateful gentle rains,

" And spicy dews, to thirsty plains ;

" As this long sigh'd-for, tender, free,

" Dear, kind confession, is to me ! "

Ah ! cease, prolific fancy, cease
 To picture what will ne'er take place !

Such joys as these are not for me,
 Sweet ANNA!--for I'm far from thee.
 Deep in the bosom of the town,
 A slave to rigid commerce bound,
 I waste my time in crouds and noise,
 Untasting love's sublimer joys.
 ---And yet sometimes the town has charms,
 Sometimes, I own, my bosom warms
 T' the various pleasures that appear,---
 For you, my love, are sometimes *here*.
 'Tis you, alone, who can impart
 True happiness to my fond heart :
 With thee in desarts could I dwell,
 Thy beauties would their gloom dispel ;
 The radiance of thy heav'nly face,
 Would brighten the most dismal place ;
 The darkest night, when you are near,
 Would like a sunny day appear.
 In India's burning clime, or where
 Perpetual frosts bind up the year,
 I could for ever live with thee,
 And bless my happy destiny ;
 But wanting thee, my darling maid,
 To ev'ry joy my soul is dead !
 In vain does art her pow'r display
 To steal my steady thoughts away ?
 And tempting nature, too, in vain
 Solicits me to break my chain :

The

The merry jest, the chearful song,
 The social club---(a laughing throng)---
 Nor musick's charms, nor learning's skill,
 Relieve my pain :---still, ANNA, still
 Thy darling image fills my soul,
 Pervades my frame, without controul,
 And charms, and actuates the whole.

O ! ANNA---if thou'rt kind as fair,
 Attend to this thy lover's pray'r :
Let mutual passion warm your breast,
And make your faithful DAMON blest.



The MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

IF e'er it is my lot to change my life,
And add as new a name to that of wife;
This faultless model of a pleasing mate,
I trust to Hymen, and indulgent Fate.

Let him possess the happy art to please,
To think with candour, and to speak with ease:
A heart replete with virtue let him have,
(The virtuous still are tender, ever brave)
Susceptible of ev'ry gentle touch
Which sympathy can feel---nor feel too much:
His head well stock'd with lore; but let him be
From pedantry and disputation free:
Of wit possess'd, but not that dang'rous kind
Which murders friendship by a jest ill-tim'd:
Alike to folly and to pride a foe;
A man of taste in dress---but not a beau:
Of blameless morals, and of good report;
No bigot, party-man, or slave of court:
If he has wealth, 'tis well; but if he's poor,
My little, with a blessing, is a store:
To such an husband gladly would I say,
Without reserve,---love---honour---and obey.

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The BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

IF I am fated Hymen's bands to wear,
 Ye gods, propitious, hear this humble pray'r !
 Grant that the maid whom I unite for life,
 May ALL possess that forms the virtuous wife.
 Let her possess, in eminent degree,
 Heav'n's choicest, kindest blessing---charity.
 Enrich her with a sympathetic mind ;
 A heart exalted, and a soul refin'd.
 Let her have beauty, and not seem to know it ;
 Let her have sense, and wit enough to shew it.
 Good humour, that peculiar gift of heav'n,
 Endow her largely with, and temper ev'n.
 From each mistrustful doubt let her be free ;
 A foe to pride, parade, and coquetry ;
 Nor in her bosom harbour joy or care,
 That she, in confidence, with me won't share.
 And, lastly, let her words, looks, actions, prove,
 That I am blest, unrival'd, with her love.
 ---Such give, ye gods, if e'er I'm doom'd to wed ;
 Else, let me ever press the single bed.

DESCRIP-

DESCRIPTION

COUNTRY ASSIZES.

YE heav'nly nymphs, Æonian maids, descend,
Inspire my lays, your kind assistance lend,
Whilst I, your humble bard, in flowing strains,
Of Courts of Justice sing, and lawyer's gains;
How long-rob'd Judges thro' the country ride,
Whilst country lobbies grace the coach's side:
What preparation's made in ev'ry town;
How all's got ready 'gainst *My Lord* comes down.
Their houses whitewash'd and well scour'd their
floors,
Their windows brighten'd, and well swept their
doors,
Each dunghill, too, is far remov'd with care;
No noisome smells now taint the ambient air.

The

The sheriff next collects his motly crew,
 Some glare in scarlet, some in brown or blue :
 With wand in hand, and all his friends around,
 He meets the judges at the county's bound.
 Fierce, neighing coursers scamper o'er the plain,
 And, like a snow-ball, swells th' unpolish'd train.
 Some days before, as heralds to a court,
 The stragg'ling pedlars to the town resort :
 Hackney attornies, by degrees, walk in,
 And thus give notice of th' approaching din.

At length arrives the cavalcade ; and slow,
 In marshall'd order rang'd, to court they go.
 Four halberd-men, like knaves in packs of cards,
 March on before, and each some passage guards.
 The thrilling trumpet thro' the streets resounds,
 And ev'ry female heart with joy rebounds.
 Crouds throng on crouds, and round the judges
 press,
 'Squires in shoals advance,---can country 'squires
 do less ?

All pay their homage ; then salute their friends,
 And news to learn, each eagerly attends.
 Some by the hand their old acquaintance shake,
 Whilst others kiss and slobber, e'er they speak :
 For shame, *Hibernians* ! give this custom o'er ;
 Men kissing men, I've seldom seen before :
 Kisses for girls should be reserv'd alone,
 Who often twenty will return for one.

A troop of lawyers now the circle grace,
 With plodding heads, and consequential face :
 Well powder'd perukes hide their shallow crowns,
 The rest's conceal'd beneath their thread-bare
 gowns ;

Hands ever open to receive their fees,
 A cause to varnish, or a purse to squeeze.
 A heap of pettifoggers next appears ;
 To set good folk together by the ears
 Their sole delight ; --- a wretched, shameless
 crew,
 As ever deed, or bills or answers drew.

Each CELIA now, in contemplation sweet,
 Sees dying STAMPHON's languish at her feet ;
 Her glass consults, and puts on ev'ry air,
 Looks o'er her duds, and settles all with care ;
 The stockings mended, and the shirts perfum'd ;
 The ruffles darn'd, the matted locks are comb'd ;
 The large paste buckles glitter on their feet,
 Which carefully's expos'd to all they meet :
 Rings, pendants, necklaces, are now display'd ;
 In flimsy silk each giddy fair's array'd.
 Assemblies, card-rooms, fill their empty sculls,
 With coxcombs, fribbles, and a tribe of fools :
 For this they practise ev'ry female art,
 To win a guinea---or---to steal a heart.

The

The clod-pate 'squire, who scarcely knows to read,

With Joy elate, now mounts his ill-broke steed ;
Flies to the town to shew his wond'rous parts,
Swears, drinks, and games, with puppies, prigs,
and smarts.

A fierce-cock'd hat, with gold or silver lace,
And well-dress'd bob, sets off each pimping face.

At night, to crowded card-rooms they repair,
Some to be seen, whilst others round them stare ;
Brag, whilst, or quadrille, now their hands em-
ploy,

And the sly coquet cheats the country boy,
Laughs in his face, and wins his little hoard,
His brain and pocket equally well stor'd.

Next night the assembly attracts them all,
And each fond swain doth on his partner call,
Oft on the fair-one casts his sheepish eye,
'Talks much of love, and swears for her he'd die :
She, silly fool, his homage glad receives,
His nonsense swallows, and each word believes.
Both sexes now with equal joy advance,
And fly thro' th' ringlers of the mazy dance,
Whilst wretched fiddlers, wretched musick brings
From shocking instruments, and ill-tun'd strings.
In giddy whirls some hop and skip about,
And 'call it dancing, tho' they're always out ;

M

Others

Others more graceful, in just order move,
 We praise each motion, and each step approve.
 Some ill-bred couples, when they've dane'd sit
 down,

And leave the rest to stand, or dance alone.
 Insipid talk and chat flies swiftly round ;
 One grain of wit or sense is scarcely found.

Mean while the bus'ness of the court goes on ;
 Some gain their suit, some lose, and are undone.
 Each nisi-prisus try'd with care and cost ;
 Gain---lose---who will, the lawyers get the
 most.

With noise and clamour they expound the laws,
 And well-pack'd juries finish ev'ry cause.

Poor rogues are punish'd, rich ones seldom try'd,
 Beneath the golden bribe each fault they hide.

The smooth-tongu'd barrister each point ex-
 plains,

That black is white, that right is wrong main-
 tains :

Quirks, turns, and quibbles, with many loop-
 holes made,

O'erthrow all systems, and support the trade.

Feasts, now, and treats are ev'ry where pre-
 par'd,

At which no cost in meat or wine is spar'd.

Threë

Threë

The

Judge

Peace

Silence

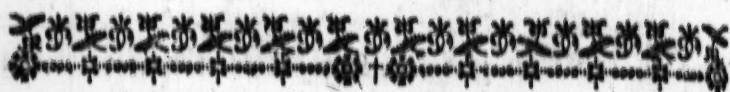
Men

Dung

And

Three days in drink and wrangling thus they
spend,

The fourth's bright sun sees all contentions end,
Judges, counsels, attornies, now depart ;
Peace, ease, and rest's restor'd to ev'ry heart.
Silence and dirt their former seats attain,
Men turn to slovens, women grow sluts again ;
Dunghills, once more, in heaps around us rise,
And joyful pigs / are loosen'd from their styes.



A POEM, ON THE BATTLE OF
CULLODEN.

YOU'VE done it, royal youth ! the hydra
lies,

Cursing her fate, and as she curses dies.
No more shall dire rebellion waste the land,
The monster's quell'd by thy victorious hand ;
That many-headed serpent's humbl'd low :
None but an *Hercules* could give the blow.
Others have try'd the mighty task in vain,
The fates reserv'd for thee the bloody scene.
Holy and *Cope*, with faint endeavours strove ;
The task requir'd the son of British *Jove*.
In thee, O glorious youth ! shall we admire
Thy conduct most, or most thy martial fire ?
Valiant, and wise ; you stemm'd the rebel force,
And stopp'd the lawless robbers in their course :
Back to their dens, in wild despair, they fly ;
Nor in their dens can they securely lie ;
William pursues, o'er mountains clad with snow,
O'er tow'ring cliffs, where scarce wild beasts can go ;
Nature

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* La

Nature in vain oppos'd the swelling Spey,
 The dreary glens and rapid floods give way ;
 No dangers can th' advancing prince retard,
 Beneath the pole his martial trumpet's heard.
 Methinks I see the youthful hero stand,
 And calmly give his British troops command ;
 Cool and sedate survey the bloody field,
 Where sword and target no defence can yield.
 The rebel chiefs, with all their rabble slain,
 And heaps of plads and bonnets strew the plain.
 Britain ! reward thy glorious William's toils,
 See, he returns triumphant with their spoils :
 The grateful name of William now adore,
 A William was your darling heretofore ;
 William preserv'd your lives and laws from fate,
 William again preserves your sinking state :
 Both heroes claim alike your thanks and praise,
 And *Cumberland* renews great *Nassau's* days ;
 T' endear the name, both royal actions join
 The glorious passage of the Spey and Boyne.

When in these lines discerning *DAWSON* * reads
 The British hero's more than mortal deeds ;
 When glorious *CUMBERLAND* his soul admires,
 Yet---blames the grov'ling bard's unequal fires ;
 Ah ! let the noble theme his fault excuse,
 And *WILLIAM's* name protect poor *Xty's* muse.

* Late Baron *DAWSON*, of the kingdom of Ireland.

*Written on the Nuptials of JOHN BUTLER,
Esq. to Lady ANNE WANDSFORD.*

GREAT JOVE, in pleasant mood, with
nectar prim'd,
Whilst thro' Olympus mirth and concord chym'd;
Conven'd all heaven by his awful nod,
And all obey'd the thunder-darting god;
Then thus he spoke :---Look down and see that
pair,
See lovely ANNE,---and see great *Ormond's* heir;
Cupid and Hymen have just join'd their hands,
In happy, lasting, hymeneal bands:
Say then, ye pow'rs,---what gifts will ye bestow?
Let's make them happy in our realm below.
First I'll begin :--I'll give them pow'r and wealth,
I'll give them honours, and I'll give them health.
I'll give them wisdom, said the God of Day,
And darted straight at each a lovely ray.
Said Mars, his heart shall be for glory fir'd;
She shall, (said Paphia) be by all admir'd:

And

And I'll cement their hearts for ever, Jove,
 Reply'd the little, prating God of Love.
 The Graces then adorn'd the happy man,
 And each bestow'd a charm on Lady-Anne :
 The Muses too, they lent their friendly aids ;
 And chaste Diana, Mistress of the Meads.
 Said Jove's great Queen---my gift confirm'd be,
 Let them be fruitful in their progeny ;
 Let them have more than Kings or Queens
 possess,
 And sweet content their happy union bless.
 The goddess Fame then flew from zone to zone,
 To loudly trumpet forth what had been done.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE, *spoken*. (24th January, 1780)
at the opening of the Rt. Hon. Mr. O'NEILL's
Theatre, at Edenduffcarrick.

IN times like these, when war and discord spread
 Their gloom upon *Hibernia's* sacred head,
 Should it be urg'd, to indolence we yield,
 And slight the honours of the warlike field ;
 Our answer is---The human mind requires
 Some hours of ease, to fan the hero's fires ;
 And that in former days, the British knights
 With tilts, and tournaments, began their fights.
Henry our Fifth, who fought so long---so well,
 Could joke with *Falstaff*, when brave *Percy* fell :
 Nor did our Eighth, at *Ardres* camp, disdain
 The silver canopy, and golden plain.
 Our fam'd *Eliza*, empress of the seas,
 Amidst her glories, lov'd such scenes as these :
 The proud *Armada* fell beneath her pow'rs ;
 Whilst honour'd *Shakespeare* charm'd her softer
 hours.

And when we cast our eyes on *Gallia's* coast,
 It's conquering monarch, patriot, and boast,

Henry

Henry the Good :---was there one less that fell,
 Because he lov'd the blooming *Gabrielle* ?
 If there are found, who without tears peruse,
 The noble efforts of the Tragick Muse ;
 Who see, without a smile, the jocund train,
 That gaily frolick round *Thalia's* fane :
 These must be traitors, and for evil born ;
 We boast of HEARTS---are proud we cannot scorn
 The well-penn'd tales immortal *Shakespeare* drew,
 But in feign'd horrors, we lament the true
 Hymen, and love united, must create
 A thousand sighs for *Juliet's* hapless fate.
 Lo ! the fair *Constance*, by false friends beset ;
 We mourn, with her, the young *Plantagenet* ;
 Pity sad *York*, and shed a gen'rous tear,
 For great *Othello*, and the frantick *Lear*.
 Warm'd with resentment, at mild *Duncan's* death,
 We hate a tyrant, even in *Macbeth*.
 Thus sympathy and rage, by turns, inspire
 Our kindling souls ;---we breathe a martial fire.
 With noble valour, and with honest pride,
 We'll arm for fight, with *Shakespeare* for our guide :
 Charm'd with the virtues he so well express'd,
 We'll be the heroes that he painted best.

EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE, *spoken after the Comedy of*
 MUCH-ADO-ABOUT-NOTHING, *and the*
 Farce of ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
represented at Edenduffcarrick Theatre, by
Ladies and Gentlemen, 24th Jan. 1780.

HERE's much ado indeed, methinks, you'll
 say,

And about nothing---but a foolish play :
 (The title of our piece a standing joke ;
 But ill-tim'd satire dies as soon as spoke.)
 However trifling it may seem to you,
 And little worth the trouble you've gone through ;
 To us, it must of consequence appear ;
 It cost some pains, and it has brought you here :
 And when surrounded by such friends as these,
 We ought to please, because we wish to please.
 But yet I guess some criticks in the pit,
 Can find out faults, perhaps---to shew their wit.
 Before you censure, listen to advice,
 A serious lesson from gay *Beatrice* :

To

To us be candid;---exercise *your* powers,
 Before you grow too critical on ours.
 This stage is free to all; and we invite
 These mighty connoisseurs---to set us right.
 Then we turn judges, you our parts pursue;
 But we'll be monstrously severe on you;
 And if you find the mote, perhaps we'll spy
 A little beam lie lurking in your eye.
 ---Be not alarm'd; for who is there can know,
 Before he tries, how far his talents go.
 Practice the comick smile, and tragick rage,
 And prove, like us, that "*All the World's a Stage.*"

FAREWELL

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Mrs. BOOTH, on quitting the
THEATRE, BELFAST.*

I COME, with heavy heart, to bid adieu,
(O cruel task!) to *you*, to *you*, and *you*. *
Long have I toil'd to gain your approbation,
In all the various forms of my vocation,
And still was blest with your indulgent smiles,
Which far o'erpaid the rigour of my toils.

But native country calls me back, to prove
The various force of sister nations' love:
Yours well I know,---and can with truth assert,
The dear remembrance still shall warm my heart,
Shall still command the tribute of my praise,
Live in my thoughts, and sooth my future days.
Take then my thanks for ev'ry kindness past;
And, b'lieve me, while my little life doth last,
With gratitude I'll still revere BELFAST. }

* Boxes.——Pit.——Gallery.

Written


~~~~~  
*Written on the DEATH of Mr. MATTHEW  
 GARNETT, junr. of BELFAST.*

[ 28th December, 1781. ]

**W**HILST some disclose their grief in silent  
 sighs,  
 And some with clamours rend the vaulted skies ;  
 Whilst gushing tears from ev'ry optick flow,  
 And ev'ry breast's o'ercharg'd with heaving woe :  
 Permit the muse in mournful lays to tell,  
 (What weeping crouds, alas ! proclaim too well ! )  
 The dismal scene that gave our sorrows rise,  
 The woeful cause of these so fruitless cries.  
 Would that she were sufficient to proclaim  
 T' exalted virtues of her honest theme ;  
 Would that she were as able as inclin'd  
 To paint the virtues of his faultless mind :  
 Ah ! too ambitious wish---the muse then should  
 Be perfect, as her sweetest *gem's* been good.  
 Nor Pope, nor Maro, were they now alive,  
 Nor the Mæonian bard, did he revive,  
 Nor all the laureats of remoter days,  
 Could draw the outlines of his justest praise.  
 They may describe the hardy deeds of war,  
 A bleeding hero tumbling from his car ;

N

Man

Man slaughtering Mars, in adamantine plate,  
 A burning city, or a reeling state.  
 Such were th' inhuman subjects of their verse :  
 But what superior talents should rehearse  
 The worth of him who always gave delight ?  
 Sweet temper'd, affable, humane, polite ;  
 Which render'd him, by all, (with truth be't said)  
 In life regarded, as lamented dead.

No more our *Concert* \* charms th' attentive ear !  
 The *Philharmonick* † too, our loss can't bear !  
 His death is mourn'd at ev'ry social board---  
 Lov'd by th' *Amicable*, ‡ by the *Lodge* § ador'd.  
 Like him, O ! let us study to be good,  
 When young, and in the *heyday of our blood* ?  
 The seeds of virtue sown in early youth,  
 Will guide our feet into the paths of truth ;  
 Blossom, and spread around a rich perfume,  
 Nor time itself can ever spoil their bloom :  
 And when we're summon'd to resign our breath,  
 Smiling we'll sink into the arms of death ;  
 'Then will our souls a Crown of Life receive,  
 And 'midst pure streams of endless pleasure live.

---

\* The BELFAST MUSICAL SOCIETY, of which the deceased was one of the first founders.

† A CATCH CLUB, of which he was an original member.

‡ The AMICABLE SOCIETY, an old and respectable club, wherein Volunteering first commenced in the North.

§ The ORANGE LODGE, Belfast, No. 257.

LYCIDAS AND MILO.  
A PASTORAL ELEGY.

*(On the foregoing Occasion.)*

---

LYCIDAS.

AH, MILO!--but let us retire,  
From this too insensible throng,  
And fit were sad echoes conspire  
To cadence our woe-breathing song.

M I L O.

Yes, LYCIDAS, let us begone  
To CORRYDON'S ozier-fenc'd shade,  
Where *Lagan* rolls silent along,  
And mingle our sighs for the dead.

N 2

LYCI-

## LYCIDA S.

O bear with my complaints, you who know  
 The sad, cureless cause of my grief !  
 Since fore'd all of bliss to forego,  
 Complaining alone brings relief.

Each beauty that charm'd so before,  
 When friendship endear'd the gay scene,  
 Can please my fond fancy no more !  
 ---Ah ! DAMON---the days we have seen !

How oft by yon time-worn oak,  
 That shadows the soft-flowing stream,  
 We've lean'd the coy muse to invoke,  
 Collegu'd the joint sonnet to frame :

How oft by yon daisy-fring'd grove,  
 (When MIRA and LAURA were dear)  
 We've blended our successes in love,  
 And lent mutual suff'rings a tear.

But fled is each cordial delight,  
 Which friendship so lately supply'd :  
 Amusements no longer invite ;  
 With DAMON my happiness dy'd !

M I L O.



## M I L O.

Our shepherd was skill'd in the schools,  
 To science, with success apply'd;  
 But, wedded to no rigid rules,  
 Made unerring nature his guide:

And nature, still just to her own,  
 Display'd all her charms to his eye;----  
 While blest, he enjoy'd not alone,  
 But taught his colleagues to enjoy.

Yon mountains that boldly aspire,  
 Yon cascade that thunders between;  
 Yon hills that still yielding retire,  
 And dip in the valley unseen:

Each picturesque scene that I view,  
 Each beauty creation supplies,  
 Awakes sad remembrance anew,  
 And checks the fond transports that rise.

## L Y C I D A S.

What flute could with DAMON's compare?  
 Still sweet, and for ever in tune;  
 At morning the soother of care;  
 The solace of friendship at noon.

Oh, melody ! dare I proclaim,  
 How softly, how sweetly he sung !  
 Still chaste and sublime was his theme,  
 And verse came improv'd from his tongue.

Together, at the parting day,  
 How oft have we sought the deep grove,  
 Retir'd, to attune the soft lay,  
 Inspir'd by refinement and love.

But solitude now cannot charm,  
 Nor musick lost comfort restore ;  
 Ev'n poetry ceases to warm  
 My fancy, since DAMON's no more !

## M I L O.

Do ye see yon divine-looking maid  
 By the fountain that pensive reclines ?  
 To indulge lonely grief she has stray'd,  
 And give her complaint to the winds :

'Tis MIRA---for DAMON she sighs,  
 For DAMON she breathes the soft song ;  
 Attend ! while sweet echo replies,  
 And Zephyrus wafts it along.

S O N G.

S O N G.

AWAKE, ye slumbering pow'rs of grief !  
Heart-rending sighs,  
Deep groans, arise,  
Proclaim my woes, that mock relief ;  
'Till my loud sorrows wound the vaulted skies.

II.

And should my cries to heav'n ascend ;  
O deign, blest shade !  
On thy lost maid,  
One kind, forgiving look to bend :---  
Then shall I meet oblivion undismay'd.

III.

Too lately cruel !---still unkind !  
O death arrest  
A life oppress'd,  
That my light spirit, unconfin'd,  
May join th' immortal choir where DAMON's blest.

IV.

But fruitless is my ardent pray'r !  
I grafted pain,  
On cold disdain ;  
'Tis just I now should reap despair,  
And bleed for worth neglected---when in vain.

---

She

She ceases ;---her piercing complaint  
 Is whelm'd in a torrent of grief :  
 Oh may some kind, pitying saint,  
 Afford the sad mourner relief !

L Y C I D A S.

But night from the east 'gins to low'r,  
 The dews of the ev'ning descend ;  
 The village-bell tinkles the hour, \* { \* Nine.  
 And lengthening shadows extend.

Lets haste to the love-lorn maid,  
 And try to assuage her despair---  
 So friendship will best be repaid,  
 And DAMON will plaudit our care.

E L E G Y,

✱ ✱

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E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

LIEUT. THOMAS TISDALL,

OF

D U N G A N N O N.

**D**UNGANNON ! listen to thy children's woe,  
Whose streaming eyes in ceaseless torrents flow ;  
Whose bosoms heave with unremitting sighs ;  
Who pierce heav'n's concave with repeated cries :  
O listen, sympathetic, and deplore  
The gen'ral loss---for TISDALL is no more !

O where shall I begin his praise ? where end ?  
Who was to none a foe,---to all a friend :  
Gentle in manners, in confidence secure ;  
In friendship faithful, in affection pure :  
In judgment strong, in bounty uncontroul'd ;  
Wise without cunning, without boasting bold.

In

In no one act he e'er betray'd his trust;  
 True to his king, and to the subject just : \*  
 He honour'd justice, hated tyranny ;  
 Was Ireland's friend, and friend of liberty :  
 (Would he'd been spar'd their triumph now  
     to see ! )

Thro' ev'ry stage of life's contracted span,  
 He prov'd (God's noblest work ! ) an honest man.  
 O may the Muse her weak assistance lend,  
 To speak his loss, who was the Muses friend ?  
 But verse, alas ! can ill those griefs impart,  
 Which burst in sighs and groans from ev'ry heart :  
 Let her then silent join the mournful train ;  
 Let cyprus wreaths bedeck each nymph and swain ;  
 Let ev'ry dwelling be with sable hung ;  
 Let lamentations dwell on ev'ry tongue ;  
 Let solemn peals resound from ev'ry bell ;  
 Let echoes hoarse each dismal cadence swell :  
 'Till trees, and hills, and rocks are taught to  
     mourn.  
 The friend departed---never to return.

---

\* Mr. TISDALL was a Revenue Officer.



E L E G Y,

*On the DEATH of an amiable young LADY.*

**Y**ES, Virgins, yes!--you knew it well !  
She shone the foremost of your train ;  
Ah ! hapless change, yon solemn knell  
Now tells 'tis DAPHNE quits the plain.

Back to the realms of purer day---  
So the high will of Heav'n approv'd ;  
The spotless cherub wing'd her way,  
To hail those mansions that she lov'd.

For ever fled!--yet mem'ry dear,  
Shall still her lovely form recall ;  
Whilst down the cheek th' unbidden tear,  
In silent streams shall duteous fall.

Much honour'd shade, while o'er thy shrine,  
Soft pity's tender bosom sighs  
In silent grief ; O be it mine  
To deck the grave where beauty lies !

From

From thy lov'd bank, whose flow'ry side  
 Old *Lagan's* smooth meanders lave,  
 I'll cull the vi'let's purple pride,  
 To strew upon thy lonely grave.

At morn the swain, with dewy eye,  
 As thro' the church-yard path he goes ;  
 " Sure innocence sleeps here," will cry,  
 " For lo ! the violet and the rose."

And oft at eve, in fancy's ear,  
 Soft stealing o'er the fairy glade ;  
 The woodland nymphs shall warble here,  
 To sooth thy dear, departed shade !

" Peace to thy slumbers," shall they say,  
 As they the airy notes prolong ;  
 While, pleas'd with their melodious lay,  
 Soft echo joins the plaintive song.

And you, ye fair, in beauty's pride,  
 Who still life's fleeting joys pursue ;  
 Ah ! come and see how *DAPHNE* dy'd,  
 For *DAPHNE* once could vie with you.

O come and learn that beauty's pow'r,  
 Howe'er on earth its chains enslave,  
 Must feel at last the dreaded hour  
 That lays its honours in the grave.

E P I S T L E



\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

## EPISTLE ON DEATH.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

ONCE more, my worthy friend, the wand'ring  
 muse,  
 From flights aerial turning down, to chuse  
 A subject more important, humbly craves  
 Your kind attention, and preamble waves.

In friendship kind our interviews we pass;  
 Now praise the fair, then taste th' enliv'ning  
 glass,  
 Whose blissful streams to inundations swell,  
 The heart o'erflow, and all our sorrows quell:  
 Then social joys abound, and he's the best,  
 Whose wit affords the most facetious jest,  
 Or acts the harlequin to please the rest. }  
 With fancy we ascend, and on the air  
 Our golden domes, our edifices fair,  
 Magnificently raise; which makes our claims  
 Prove, at the best, but wild romantic dreams.

○

While

While thus on trifles all our hopes depend,  
 Our narrow views beyond them ne'er extend :  
 Hence Death so much the giddy thought eludes,  
 Or seems so frightful, when it e'er intrudes.  
 Too frequently our conversation runs  
 On subjects vain, and what's important shuns ;  
 Or, if we chance to touch at such a theme,  
 Break out, unguarded, into some extreme :  
 So Death, among the rest, we either treat  
 In terms too ludicrous ; or else we hate,  
 And shudder at the very thought, as tho'  
 The mortal stroke commenc'd our endless woe.  
 'Tis true, indeed, regardless of our cries,  
 Death still dissolves the most endearing ties ;  
 Drags from his mother's breast the infant young,  
 Nor spares the elder for his pratt'ling tongue :  
 And what avails the tender parents grief ?  
 In vain they weep, when tears give no relief ;  
 The awful messenger e'er long returns,  
 And sends them too, to fill their silent urns.  
 The spotless virgin, blooming in her charms,  
 He tears, unpitying, from her lover's arms :  
 The loving husband, and the fonder wife,  
 Must sunder at this awful goal of life :  
 The sprightly youth, by all his friends admir'd,  
 By vigour, pride, or prospects fair, inspir'd :  
 The miser, while he deifies his gold,  
 And victor, proud his trophies to behold ;

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Must *all* relinquish at Death's dreadful call,  
 And helpless victims to his fury fall.  
 Whoever once the vital fluid draws,  
 Must feel, as sure, his all-devouring jaws :  
 And when, or where, or in what frightful form,  
 He may invade, and ev'ry fortress storm,  
 Is still unknown. All which, I freely grant,  
 Terrifick seem ; and at first sight may daunt  
 The most courageous mind, and fearful fill  
 The soul with horror, or the vitals chill :  
 But, on a stricter scrutiny, we find  
 Some charms in Death to cheer the drooping  
                   mind,

To banish ev'ry groundless, servile fear,  
 And make his vale fair halcyon scenes appear.  
 Reflect on what we are, and what distress  
 We undergo, while runs th' uncertain glass ;  
 Consider life in all its various modes,  
 Thro' which incessant toil the heart corrodes :  
 While thro' its irksome labyrinth we stray,  
 Our clearest sunshine makes but doubtful day,  
 And gloomy sorrows croud the dreary way: }  
 The pleasures we enjoy are often vain,  
 Mere fancy, forcing intervals in pain ;  
 Ineffably perplex'd we struggle through,  
 Our hardships many, and our comforts few :  
 Diseases great and complicated seize,  
 And rack the human fabrick diff'rent ways ;

Until we loath the most delicious meal,  
 And tott'ring limbs beneath the burden fail :  
 Yet, tho' emaciate, and so much oppress'd,  
 Essential toils deny the sweets of rest ;  
 'Till wearied out, or feeble grown with age,  
 We're glad to think of dropping from the stage.  
 Engag'd in tumult, and intestine war,  
 The mental pow'rs in sad confusion jar,  
 Where Sin, sole regent, propagates the strife,  
 And mingles gall thro' ev'ry scene of life ;  
 Infernal chaos in the soul appears,  
 While such a monster therein domineers ;  
 Nor are we freed from his tyrannick yoke,  
 'Till Death befriends us with the final stroke.  
 The poor believer long sustains the shock  
 Of raging tempests, dash'd from rock to rock ;  
 Thick darkness envelops the peaceful shore,  
 And oft he thinks he hears *Charybdis* roar ;  
 But Death his pilot proves, and him conveys,  
 Safe from the horrors of the frightful seas :  
 The sable veil, by Death's propitious hand,  
 Then laid aside, he sees *EMANUEL*'s land ;  
 A glorious prospect ! Most transcendant sight !  
 From sullen gloom, to pure celestial light,  
 Immediately he rolls his wishful eyes,  
 And enters sweet fruition when he dies ;  
 'There, bliss unutterably great abounds,  
 And fragrant balm cures all his former wounds :

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Invulnerable made, he triumphs o'er  
 The formidable foes, long fear'd before ;  
 His champion brave, who there his refuge stands,  
 Once crush'd by Death the whole infernal bands ;  
 The pangs of Death he deign'd to undertake,  
 To make them easy for his followers' sake.  
 But though, this once, o'ercome by death, he fell ;  
 And though the whole artillery of hell,  
 In dread conjunction, fiercely at him play'd ;  
 In triumph he arose, and wide display'd  
 The golden flag, which all his foes alarm'd ;  
 The King of Terrors saw himself disarm'd ;  
 Nor was his richest trophy with him left,  
 Of sting and honour both he was bereft.

---Then fear him not ! what can he do, but prove  
 A happy passport to the realms of love ?  
 Of happiness unmix'd, where purest rays  
 Of glory, uncreated, ever blaze.

The faithful soul, by Death enfranchis'd, spars,  
 Surmounts the dangers of the threat'ning shores ;  
 Uninterrupted, wings her passage thro'  
 Etherial regions, to *Jerusalem* new.

Transplanted thus, the soul her growth renews ;  
 Her trunk is water'd with refreshing dews ;  
 No pestilence attacks her healthy boughs,  
 No wintry blasts her tow'ring shoots oppose ;  
 Advancing still, she bears the vernal plume  
 Of endless youth, and never-fading bloom.

But here the muse too fondly seems to stray,  
 By fancy led, thro' this inviting way ;  
 Nor is't her province here, nor my intent,  
 (Ev'n were I fit) celestial scenes to paint :  
 I only meant, in brief, to ascertain,  
 That all believers' fears of death are vain ;  
 And that it incontestably appears,  
 The only method to surmount such fears,  
 Is---diligent to serve,---all ills endure---  
 To make our calling and election sure,  
 By closing fast with him who pav'd the way :  
 Then to him haste ! for Death makes no delay ;  
 His shafts, unerring, thick among us fly,  
 And in their flight elude the mortal eye :  
 None can foresee for whom the shaft's prepar'd,  
 There's none assur'd to be one moment spar'd ;  
 The fatal time is, by the best of friends,  
 From mortals hid, for wise and gracious ends.  
 Were that dread juncture known to all, then some,  
 Perceiving many years of life to come,  
 Would readily conclude, " 'Tis quite too soon  
 " To taste nocturnal solitudes at noon ;  
 " 'Twill answer best, when mid-day work is  
     " wrought,  
 " And ev'ning shades indulge the pensive  
     " thought."  
 While others, more advanc'd in life, perceive  
 Themselves approximate the dismal grave ;

" With

With horror struck, and conscious of decline,  
 Their necessary functions may resign ;  
 Which would the scope of mutual aid debar,  
 Both social and parental duties mar.  
 To guard us from the evils which await  
 Th' uncertain tenure of our mortal state,  
 For wisest purpose Providence conceals  
 The fated hour when ruthless Death prevails ;  
 Which tacitly commands our constant care,  
 For final dissolution to prepare.

Tremendous thought ! when on the fatal brink  
 Of verging life,---destin'd perhaps to sink,  
 Precipitately down, from all that's dear,  
 From all our fond delights, our lovers here !  
 Hard is the task for mortals, as they ought,  
 To entertain that weighty, solemn thought ;  
 True christian courage only can support  
 The human mind to bear't in proper sort :  
 For when it comes, in native garb array'd,  
 With all its dismal horrors wide display'd ;  
 The soul, as if afraid herself to die,  
 Attempts to hide, and from the aspect fly :  
 Hence oft the solemn subject we evade,  
 Doubting of certainty, of truth afraid.  
 But still remember you, that life's a loan,  
 And he who gave it will re-claim his own.  
 Be these your thoughts, and ready always stand,  
 To give obedience to the just demand ;

Nor

Nor be afraid, nor ever think it strange,  
 That all must undergo so great a change.  
 Pass chearfully thro' life, and if you're blest  
 With affluence, or with poverty distressed;  
 In either case, Death proves a worthy theme;  
 It yields us comfort in the low extreme,  
 And in the other, shews us not to trust  
 In transient stores, consum'd by moth and rust.  
 But let it not engross thy mind so far,  
 As may th' essential tolls of life debar,  
 From these our means of living must derive,  
 And 'tis unknown how long we may survive;  
 Perhaps the tender thread of life may reach  
 Beyond what probability can teach:  
 Then let's our fate to Heav'n's high will resign,  
 And sec'lar duties blend with those divine.

Hoc  
 Sua  
 Hoc  
 Fatea





TOM WILDAIR:

OR THE

TEMPLAR REFORMED.

A

T A L E,

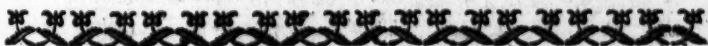
FROM

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

TATLER, NUMB. 60.

*Hoc patrium est, potius consue facere filium  
Sua sponte recte facere, quam alieno metu.  
Hoc pater, ac dominus interest: hoc qui nequit,  
Fateatur nescire imperare liberis.*

TERENT. ADELPH.



[ The EDITOR received the following elegant version of BICKERSTAFF'S celebrated TALE, (written by a Gentleman of distinguished abilities in the last age) when the work was too far advanced to give it its proper place in the collection: but, as he could not think himself excuseable did he omit it in this volume, hopes the above reason will apologize for his inserting it here. ]

T O M

T O M W I L D A I R :  
O R T H E  
T E M P L A R R E F O R M E D .

**T** O M W I L D A I R , young, and full of  
flame,

From Oxford to the Temple came :

For company polite design'd,

With cash his pockets well were lin'd.

Heir to a plentiful estate,

His youthful heart was full elate.

From rigid tutor just set free,

No bound he knew to liberty.

The play, the opera, the ball,

The court, the masquerade, the mall ;

What place soe'er by bells and beaus

Frequented, there away Tom shews :

*Lebeck's* French wine, with waxen lights,

In elegance consum'd his nights ;

Kind nymphs, bedeck'd with gay attire,

At hand, to quench his am'rous fire.

Thus

Thus TOM was ever blith and gay ;  
 Thus pleasure circle'd night and day ;  
 While the grave authors of the law,  
 Nor day, nor candle light e'er saw.  
 Without, in dust and cobwebs drown'd ;  
 Within, no sully'd page was found.  
 Rang'd in due order, fix'd they stood ;  
 Like *Osborn's* folios carv'd in wood.

But fates impartial, so ordain,  
 That pleasure must be mix'd with pain ;  
 That in our cup, we all must meet,  
 As well with bitter, as with sweet :  
 Nor ever could life's thread be spun,  
 But it would party-colour'd run.  
 How happy, else, might WALPOLE be ?  
 And others, greater much than he ;  
 Whose gilded roofs, and beds of down,  
 Above the reach of fortune's frown,  
 To vulgar eyes, are fill'd with cares,  
 The humble peasant never shares.  
 But WHITEHEAD \* whispers in my ear,  
 To meddle with the great forbear.

Nor could TOM's seeming happy state  
 Elude the stern decrees of fate.

---

\* Author of a scurrilous poem called *Manners* ; for which he was forced to abscond, for fear of being ordered into custody by the House of Lords.



It happen'd that there dwell'd hard by,  
 One of the Knights of th' Industry ;  
 A set of harpys, keen and fell,  
 As ever were produc'd in hell :  
 Outwardly, all so sweet and civil,  
 You'd ne'er suspect them for the devil ;  
 Yet would, in private, for a groat,  
 Or pick your purse, or cut your throat.  
 These cannibals lurk up and down,  
 In ev'ry quarter of the town,  
 To watch young heirs' experience,  
 And ease them of superfluous pence :  
 Ready in ev'ry vice to share,  
 That may unwary youth ensnare ;  
 'Till, flush'd with wine, the bait he takes ;  
 On a false die his fortune stakes ;  
 And plunder'd of a fair estate,  
 The cheat discovers, when too late.

So hungry spiders watching lie,  
 To catch the silly, buzzing fly ;  
 Who, newly fally'd forth to day,  
 Delights in sun-shine beams to play ;  
 Nor sees the wide-extended net,  
 Nor deadly foes by whom beset ;  
 'Till caught, as in a magick spell,  
 He's dragg'd into the pois'nous cell ;  
 There, soon depriv'd of vital blood,  
 His body's kept for future food.

P

TOM,

Tom, open, generous, and gay,  
 To this vile crew became a prey.  
 Hence, fortune, who had ever been  
 His friend, soon chang'd the pleasing scene;  
 No more affords her wonted smiles,  
 But all his swelling hopes beguiles:  
 Dropp'd by his friends, his money lost,  
 And all his expectations cross'd;  
 Loaded with debts, oppress'd in mind,  
 Behold him to his room confin'd;  
 Reflecting there on follies past,  
 And cursing each unlucky cast:  
 Nor daring, for a fresh supply,  
 To old Sir HUMPHRY to apply;  
 Compell'd in secret to resort  
 To shifts below him for support.

But fame, of nimble wings, ne'er fails,  
 Nor tongues to bear unwelcome tales:  
 Officious fools are ever prating,  
 And all they hear or see relating;  
 Proper or not, or false or true,  
 No matter,---so it's something new.  
 Hence, Tom's misfortune could not be  
 A secret long i' the family.

Soon as the knight the story heard,  
 Enrag'd he foam'd, and stamp'd, and star'd.

Is this, says he, in furious passion,  
 Is this your temple education?  
 Is this your school to polish youth?  
 A pretty polishing in truth!  
 Among a crew of sharpening knaves,  
 Plunderers, worse than highway thieves;  
 Damn'd wholesale robbers, ne'er content,  
 'Till the last penny's lost or spent:  
 With dirty strumpets void of shame,  
 Curs'd with disease too foul to name:  
 Far better he had here remain'd,  
 With hounds and horses to be train'd;  
 In innocence his time t' have spent,  
 The only source of true content.  
 Well---I intended for the best;  
 And must to Heav'n submit the rest.

Thus passion vented, soon gave way,  
 And reason reassum'd its sway.  
 Resolv'd to take advice of friends,  
 Straight for a trusty set he sends:  
 All brother justices of quorum;  
 Many a poor girl had quak'd before 'em:  
 Invites them to a hearty glass,  
 And tells them what had come to pass.

Old SCRUPLE, as the senior knight,  
 Of speaking first assum'd the right.

Quoth he, Sir HUMPHRY, that your case  
 Is somewhat hard, I must confess.  
 You, for improvement, sent your son  
 To th' temple, and he's there undone.  
 Tho' 'tis a common case indeed;  
 Not one in ten goes there to read.  
 But then, sir, here the mischief lies,  
 We're all too lavish of supplies.  
 Slacken your hand, you soon shall find,  
 The boy his business will mind.  
 No mis, no gamester, will frequent  
 The house of frugal management.

Sir SAMPSON next, brim full of ire,  
 Rose up to speak with usual fire:  
 Rising, his pipe and glass he broke;  
 And thus burst out in fire and smoke.  
 Body-o-me! could I but see him,  
 Ods buds! I'd with this horse-whip flea him.  
 I'd teach the dog to game and drink;  
 I'd lash him, 'till I made him stink.  
 E'er I in riot would maintain him,  
 I'd have him home; Ods buds! I'd chain him.  
 I'd disinheret him, od rot him;  
 I'd never own that I begot him.  
 E'er he should squander all my wealth,  
 I'd spend the whole estate myself.

Thus



Thus to disgrace his father's house ;  
 I would not leave him worth a louse.  
 I'd kick the rascal out of doors,  
 And let him rot among his whores.  
 I'd put th' ungracious rogue to death,---  
 So down he sits, quite out of breath ;  
 Fills a fresh pipe ; calls for more glasses ;  
 And to the left a brimmer passes.

But gentle WORTHY, who had been  
 A templar, and the world had seen,  
 Knew Tom's anxiety of heart,  
 And thus humanely took his part.  
 Sir HUMPHRY, with the utmost care,  
 You must conduct this nice affair.  
 Consider, on this single case,  
 Depends the welfare of your race.  
 Your family lies, sir, at stake ;  
 Will you the hopes of that forsake,  
 For a few flights of youth ? For shame !  
 The boy is not so much to blame.  
 Youth ever is to pleasure prone ;  
 Strong the temptations of the town.  
 Youth is the season to be gay,  
 To kiss, to dance, to drink, to play ;  
 In masquerade to spend the nights,  
 And revel in love's soft delights.  
 Not one of us, but if we could,  
 Had done the same in youthful blood.

If then our purses would not bear it,  
 That was necessity, not merit.  
 Better these follies early o'er,  
 Than to be wenching at three score :  
 Than lead lewd C-----r's \* shameful life,  
 Intriguing with the hosier's wife ;  
 Or, like old, doating R-----d's † wed  
 Your antiquated kitchen-maid :  
 To Hymen's brawls become a slave,  
 When fitter for the silent grave :  
 Than search the globe, and range the seas,  
 A languid appetite to please :  
 Than turn your offspring from your door,  
 To gratify a favourite w-----e :  
 And harden'd in adultery's sin,  
 A lewd example shew within.  
 Expos'd the standing but o'the town,  
 In every scurrilous lampoon.  
 Believe me, sir, they widely err,  
 Who aim to 'stablish pow'r by fear.  
 Would you reclaim the gen'rous horse ?  
 You never will succeed by force :  
 By gentle means your end attain,  
 With pleasure he'll obey the rein ;

---

\* Baron CARTER, who kept a stocking-weaver's wife.

† Lord Chief Baron REYNOLDS.

Answer your knee, your heel, your hand;  
 And from a thread receive command.  
 Be you but liberal and kind;  
 Th' ingenious youth you'll grateful find.  
 Convince him you're his faithful friend;  
 On you alone he will depend.  
 Duty on love, will then be founded;  
 And pow'r, without it, is ill grounded.  
 Paternal care must reverence claim,  
 Or father is an empty name.  
 The parent who these truths denies,  
 We must, as ignorant, despise.

Thus having all declar'd their sense,  
 A bumper clos'd the conference.  
 Each member mounts his trusty steed,  
 And leaves Sir HUMPHRY to his bed.

Early next morn the knight arose,  
 To seek in solitude repose,  
 From thoughts, which rolling in his breast,  
 Had in the night deny'd him rest.  
 The lovely, sylvan scene surveys,  
 While tears stood melting in his eyes.  
 Hear me, he cries, ye rural gods,  
 Ye guardians of these sweet abodes,  
 In pity send some kind relief,  
 To a fond heart oppress'd with grief.

Shall:

Shall these fair oaks, which here have stood,  
 The glory of the neighb'ring wood,  
 In stately pride, for ages past,  
 Disgracefully be felt'd at last ?  
 This ancient seat, by all belov'd ;  
 These lands, with utmost care improv'd,  
 By some proud citizen be bought,  
 Or of some Jew become the lot ?  
 And shall not WILDAIR'S ancient race  
 Possess on earth a dwelling place ?  
 Avert, some over-ruling pow'r,  
 Far hence avert the fatal hour !

The gods, who saw his heart sincere,  
 Propitious heard his ardent pray'r :  
 Decree'd he should again be blest ;  
 And thus inspir'd his glowing breast.

Shall I, who daily Heav'n offend,  
 To judge with rigour here pretend ?  
 Shall I, who pardon daily crave,  
 For my own flesh no pity have ?  
 From vice, alas ! no mortal free ;  
 We differ only in degree.  
 Virtue and vice by turns prevail,  
 And oft a trifle draws the scale.  
 WORTHY, thy counsel then is best ;  
 I'll venture part, to save the rest.

\* What.



What tho' my boy has misbehav'd,  
 He may, b' indulgence, yet be sav'd:  
 E'en let him spend ; he spends his own ;  
 'Tis all his due when I am gone.  
 This resolution to pursue,  
 He sends him straight a billet-doux :  
 Not such as CHLOE us'd to write ;  
 No---'twas a thousand pounds at sight.  
 Welcome besure : but what surprize !  
 TOM knew not how to trust his eyes.  
 He reads it o'er, and o'er again ;  
 Nay, spells each letter of the name :  
 He thinks it is his father's hand ;  
 But can't the mystery understand !  
 Is this some trick contriv'd in town ?  
 Or is th' old cuff thus gen'rous grown ?  
 Next post, I fear, will bring us word,  
 Sir HUMPHRY'S taken to the Lord.  
 T' increase his wonder, and his store,  
 Next post arrive three thousand more.  
 Hey day ! More bills ! What do I see !  
 What strange delusion can this be !  
 Is it reality, or sham ?  
 Am I TOM WILDAIR ! Sure I am !  
 Four thousand pounds ! 'tis some mistake ;  
 I dream ; I cannot be awake ;  
 Or else the chambers are enchanted ;  
 Or by malicious demons haunted ;

Sent.

Sent hither merely to perplex me,  
 And now with new disasters vex me.  
 With that he double-locks his door,  
 And takes a turn or two on th' floor :  
 Unlocks again, and draws his sword ;  
 Who's there ?---but not a single word.  
 Perhaps 'tis vapours in my head ,  
 I'll try a nap upon the bed :  
 So doffs his cloaths, and down he lies ;  
 But sleep refus'd to seal his eyes.  
 In this suspense, what can be done :  
 The bills were on Sir TRISTRAM drawn ,  
 To him Tom goes, resolv'd to dine,  
 And found him o'er a glass of wine.

Sir TRISTRAM, here's an odd affair  
 Which you, perhaps, can help to clear.

Clear, sir ! Good luck ! what can I clear ?  
 Indeed our bank is very bare :  
 We can't advance 'fore quarter day, sir ;  
 'Tis very well if then we pay, sir.  
 Tom, red with anger at the knight,  
 Tosses him o'er the bills at sight.  
 He reads them o'er with some surprize,  
 And stedfast fix'd on Tom his eyes ;  
 Who looking firm and resolute,  
 The knight no farther makes dispute.

Pardon,

Pardon, dear sir, the mark I see ;  
 Your bills shall duly honour'd be.  
 Here ! who's below ? Tell out this sum,  
 And wait on Master WILDAIR home.  
 Home, with a joyful heart, TOM goes,  
 To taste again that sweet repose,  
 Which long had banish'd been before,  
 By duns besieging of his door :  
 Next morn convenes the saucy crew,  
 And bids his debts and fears adieu :  
 Shakes off at once the gaming herds,  
 And all their dirty gang discards.  
 His life to change full resolute,  
 And to his birth his conduct suit :  
 Raises his thoughts to nobler views,  
 And all that's laudable pursues :  
 With virtue's sacred charms inspir'd,  
 With secret emulation fir'd,  
 In Britain's senate to oppose  
 Her publick or her private foes :  
 To plead the helpless orphan's cause ;  
 Or from the bench dispense the laws :  
 Or else in foreign courts to shine,  
 And blaze the lustre of his line,  
 Thro' realms from Britain's isle remote,  
 Where erst his ancestors had fought,  
 In bloody fields, and borne away,  
 The laurels of the doubtful day.

Struck

'Struck with the sudden change, the sire no more  
 Suspects the son; he's banker of his store.  
 Applauding friends th' indulgent father blest,  
 While all his care's the young man's happiness.

From this short tale, let tender parents own,  
 The gen'rous sire, must form the worthy son.  
 The miser's offspring never can be blest;  
 Nor wealth, by fraud obtain'd, be long possess'd;  
 Nor honour spring from any niggard's breast.





T H E

ELECTION OF DAVID,

KING OF ISRAEL.

P O E M.

-----*Sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.*

VIRG.



Q

## Advertisement.

IT may not be improper to acquaint the Reader, that the following Piece is the First Book of an Heroic Poem, intitl'd DAVIDEIS; but as a Piece detached from the entire Work, it is called the ELECTION OF DAVID: and as no Part of the Work has yet appeared in Print, it is hoped that this little Performance will not be unacceptable in this Collection.

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T H E  
ELECTION OF DAVID,  
KING OF ISRAEL.

ARMS, and the man, whom Heav'n's approving King

Exalted on Judea's throne, I sing,  
By strange vicissitude of fate, to keep  
JEHOVAH's flock, instead of Jesse's sheep ;  
To whom the muse unlock'd her heav'nly springs,  
The glorious father of the King of Kings !  
Long exercis'd in woes, (a dismal train)  
Before he could the promis'd sceptre gain ;  
Doom'd by his fate a dismal war to wage  
With earth, and hell, and Saul's united rage :  
But his unweary'd virtue soar'd above  
Their baffled hate, or charm'd it into love.  
Hence Israel in meridian glory shin'd ;  
Hence Jesus brought salvation to mankind,  
Subdu'd our foes, and to the sons of clay  
Unlock'd the mansions of eternal day !

O thou, who to compleat this vast design  
Forsook the skies, and sprung on David's line !

Q 2

Who

Who on thy cross the King of Terrors bound,  
 And gave the dragon his predestin'd wound ;  
 From conquer'd hell in sacred triumph rode,  
 And with her spoils enrich'd the blest abode !  
 My life, my light in earth perplexing maze,  
 Before whose throne I pour eternal praise !  
 With all the wonders of thy love inspire  
 My ravish'd soul, and breathe celestial fire ;  
 Awake to rapture ev'ry trembling string,  
 And all the glories of thy Father sing !  
 As thy bright angel, o'er the land and main,  
 Led the long wand'rings of thy chosen train ;  
 O let the muse whom Sion's sons admire  
 Direct my labours, and my song inspire ;  
 Who, where around the Oracle of God  
 Soft Siloa roll'd her lute-resounding flood,  
 On holy Samuel shot th' inspiring ray,  
 Whose mystic unction rais'd the chief to day,  
 And gave the glories of his sainted name  
 To shine eternal in the rolls of fame.  
 But whence shall we invoke the sacred aid ?  
 From sweet Castalia, or th' Æonian shade ?  
 She never listen'd to its liquid lays,  
 Nor bound her temples with Parnassian bays ;  
 But ere the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,  
 Convers'd with wisdom in the bright abode,  
 (Immortal daughter of th' Almighty Pow'r !)  
 And led the chorus in his starry bow'r,  
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When all the morning stars together rung,  
 And o'er the new-born earth in concert sung.  
 Enthron'd aloft, with stars of glory crown'd,  
 Where blissful saints Jehovah's praise resound,  
 Thou sit'st the queen of his seraphic quire,  
 The spheres attuning to thy golden lyre ;  
 While hoasts of angels ev'ry lay prolong,  
 And God himself delighted hears the song !  
 Queen of the human heart ! whose charms controul  
 The secret wheels of my desiring soul,  
 Hear from thy heav'ns above, and to my eyes  
 Unfold the wonders that our state denies.  
 See, goddess, see, with unpoluted hands  
 Thy votary before thy altar stands ;  
 To thee his life, to thee devotes his lyre,  
 And fills thy censer with ambrosial fire.  
 O smile auspicious, and indulge my song,  
 Whose hallow'd sweets to thee alone belong ;  
 Like that celestial oil, which flow'd alone,  
 In balmy odours, to Jehovah's throne.

She comes, she comes, she darts her quick'ning  
 ray !

Dauntless the mighty labour I essay ;  
 In this proud pile enshrine thy holy fires,  
 And crown the pillar'd pomp with glitt'ring  
 spires.

For tho' to me, all impotent and blind,  
 The muse has this amazing work assign'd ;



Her pow'r, her wisdom, and her piercing eyes,  
 Can earth, and heav'n, and hell's abyfs comprize;  
 And bring conjoin'd, in one uniting three,  
 Whatever was, or is, or e'er shall be.  
 Soon shall this dark, perplexing gloom retire,  
 Before her all-illuminating fire;  
 Lull in soft calms this life-consuming woe,  
 Brace my weak spirits, and exalt the low;  
 That I this lofty argument may scan,  
 And sing the providence of God to man.

Now, from the glorious palace of the skies,  
 Th' eternal God declines his awful eyes,  
 And with a momentary glance surveys  
 The whole extent of heav'n, and earth, and seas:  
 There, plac'd aloft, (as far above the spheres,  
 As thrice from hell's foundations to the stars)  
 He fills eternity's unbounded throne,  
 And sits apart, superior, and alone!  
 Whence thro' all space he beams the vital soul,  
 Informs, sustains, and occupies the whole,  
 Uniting all these blazing worlds above  
 In his inviolable chains of love,  
 Which all in just, harmonious order bind,  
 By ways unsearchable to human kind:  
 Life sun, and moon, and all the starry train,  
 Would into chaos ravel out again.  
 But fate and nature lie beneath his throne,  
 And time and motion make his laws their own:

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There all the glories that allure mankind,  
 Like vapours flit, and no distinction find ;  
 He mocks the great, the valiant, and the wise ;  
 Virtue alone has merit in his eyes !  
 The sanctities of heav'n (a shining band !)  
 Thick as the glitt'ring stars about him stand ;  
 And as those stars from the presiding sun  
 Receive their light, and round his circle run ;  
 The seraphs from his joy-diffusing sight  
 Imbibe immortal oceans of delight ;  
 His blest commands expect with boundless joy,  
 In hallelujah's ev'ry voice employ ;  
 And from the blaze of his excessive light,  
 With ev'ry pinion shade their dazzled sight :  
 While on his right, the jewel of his throne !  
 The radiant image of his glory shone,  
 His only Son, before our fall, design'd  
 A voluntary victim for mankind.  
 To earth his all-considering eyes he bent,  
 And turn'd his looks on Israel's lands intent ;  
 To see if his peculiar people there  
 Had in such flagrant guilt forgot his care,  
 As the loud cries of the detesting land  
 Proclaim'd, and call'd slow vengeance from his hand.  
 No secret from his keen inspection flies,  
 Each bosom opens to his searching eyes ;  
 While at his throne two shining angels stand,  
 Sustain the books of judgment in their hand,  
 And

And register our fancies as they pass,  
 With pens of adamant, on leaves of brass ;  
 From whence the Pow'r whom heav'n and earth adore  
 Shall judge mankind, when time shall be no more.  
 And now th' Almighty with abhorrence found  
 His holy people in pollution drown'd,  
 While rapine, lust, and murder caught the reins,  
 And swept like pestilences o'er the plains ;  
 Where altars blaz'd in ev'ry shady grove  
 To ev'ry fiend below, and star above.  
 His late-repent'd choice \* he then survey'd, † \*Saul  
 In gorgeous robes triumphantly array'd,  
 Himself exalting to the starry train  
 In haughty Amalec's subjected reign,  
 (Tho' he th' intention of the war disown'd)  
 Beneath a gay, triumphal arch enthron'd,  
 Where imag'd victories, slow-sailing down,  
 Wreath his proud temples with the laurel crown.  
 But in his soul he ev'ry vice descry'd,  
 Nurs'd warm below the brooding wings of pride ;  
 And saw a spirit from the realms profound  
 Thron'd in his heart, and o'er his passions crown'd ;  
 While with the fiend his guardian angel vy'd,  
 And the pois'd balance nods from side to side.  
 This, offers ev'ry joy that virtue yields ;  
 That, ev'ry flow'r of folly's fairy fields :  
 The beauteous sorcery the king obeys,  
 And turns the scale, and makes perdition please.

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The pensive angel pours a parting sigh,  
 And the fell demon claps his wings for joy.  
 Mean while he sees his consecrated sage,\* & \*Samuel  
 Clad in the venerable snow of age,  
 Assay the guilty king, the guilty train,  
 And sooth their souls to penitence in vain;  
 The clouds of wrath above their heads reveal,  
 And in soft tears their future woes bewail.  
 In anguish he beheld, and turn'd away  
 Those eyes that flash'd intolerable day,  
 To where in Bethlem's solitary shade  
 An image of himself the God survey'd,  
 The pious David! like some flow'ret fair,  
 That blooms unseen, and scents the desert air.  
 Among his flocks he tunes the solemn strings,  
 And to the swains the sweets of virtue sings;  
 And, glorying in his maker's love, looks down  
 On all the pomp of Saul's imperial crown.  
 Th' Almighty with divine complacence smil'd,  
 As smiles a father o'er his pious child:  
 His smile imparts fresh glory to the gods,  
 And gives new lustre to the bright abodes.  
 But soon black visions of infernal night  
 Rouse all his wrath, and cloud the pure delight:  
 Before his awful eyes, a dreadful band!  
 Rose all the sins of all the guilty land,  
 In all the hideous forms of hell array'd,  
 Black as a storm, and bellowing thro' the shade;  
While

While in the midst their stygian father frown'd,  
 The lord of hell ! and drew his legions round ;  
 Disgorg'd them like a whirlpool on the skies,  
 And strengthen'd with his own their baleful cries ;  
 Proclaim'd his triumph o'er the wicked land,  
 And kindled all God's thunder in his hand.  
 While o'er this sea of sin Jehovah frown'd,  
 The conscious earth with horror shook around ;  
 Th' offended Pow'r his awful silence broke,  
 And nature trembled as her maker spoke.  
 Shall we contend with that flagitious race ?  
 Shall we repent our condescended grace ?  
 Shall we, like feeble man, forbear in vain ?  
 Shall slighted mercy be repuls'd again,  
 And vengeance lie supine ? --- Jehovah's hand  
 Shall loose the fury now ; and who can stand ?  
 I now devote the land to vengeance dire,  
 In all the pomp of famine, sword and fire !

Th' Almighty spoke, and at the dreadful sign  
 Refulgent lightnings flash'd from pole to line,  
 Along the skies convulsive thunders rode,  
 And solemn darkness veil'd the bright abode.  
 A night of clouds eclip'd the throne of day,  
 Nature in silent awe dissolv'd away ;  
 Pale consternation seiz'd the saints around ;  
 Th' eternal hallelujah's ceas'd to sound ;  
 The golden harps, with conscious horror driv'n,  
 Fell from their hands, and silence was in heav'n.

But



But soon in seas of light the gloom decay'd,  
 The saints again their festive lutes essay'd,  
 And in loud songs ador'd the glorious name,  
 While heav'n's vast concave thunder'd out acclaim.  
 Joys swell'd on joys ; and on his dazzling throne  
 Jehovah in excessive glory shone.  
 Th' admiring heav'n's attentive gaz'd around,  
 And the full tide of musick ceas'd to sound ;  
 While, in a pleasing sympathy of woe,  
 Ten thousand angels pant our fates to know.  
 The balmy trees of life to wave forbore ;  
 The crystal floods fell silent on the shore ;  
 The zephyrs slack'd their aromatic plumes,  
 And in soft silence shed the sweet perfumes ;  
 The stars around in silent dances trod,  
 And all lay hush'd beneath the throne of God.  
 When lo ! the thunder bursts along the skies,  
 And opens heav'n's bright temple to their eyes,  
 While all the multitude of gods around  
 In panting awe lie prostrate on the ground,  
 And on the destin'd Saviour of mankind  
 The gracious Sire in all his glory shin'd.  
 Then lo ! the prince of his seraphic quire,  
 Who to the saints interpret's God's desire,  
 Majestic Eloa, (in whose looks divine  
 The purple splendors of the morning shine)  
 With humble pray'r, and supplicating grace,  
 Inspects the great Creator's awful face,

And

And reads the high events that heav'n design'd,  
 In the transparent mirror of the mind;  
 While all the radiant bands of angels round  
 Made heav'n with echoing harmony resound,  
 And on the heav'nly transport of the lay,  
 Wing'd his wrapp'd soul in extacies away,  
 To scale th' ideas of Jehovah's mind,  
 As ocean rises to the rising wind:

When thus the seraph sings what heav'n inspires,  
 And breathes the musick of a thousand lyres.

Dismiss this soft anxiety of woe,  
 Ye ministers of Providence below,  
 Ye friends of human kind! no cause can move  
 Th' unalterable word of endless LOVE:  
 On the great Father's breast the Son reclines,  
 And o'er the cloud the bow of mercy shines.  
 Again he ratifies his first decree,  
 And in his love shall man salvation see,  
 Discharge his mortal debt, victorious rise  
 Above the fiends, and mount the blissful skies.  
 Tho' from their spheres the starry splendors fall,  
 Tho' hell disgorge her fires around the ball,  
 No force the covenant of grace shall wound,  
 And Israel's seed shall bless the nations round.  
 Divine Messiah! thy redeeming love  
 Suspends the flaming thunderbolts above,  
 And shields the guilty race; but impious Saul  
 Shall for apostacy a victim fall,

And

And David expiate his polluted throne,  
 A youth to man, but not to God, unknown.  
 Thou fairest image of th' all-beauteous mind,  
 Disdain the crook ; you're for the crown design'd :  
 Wrapp'd on the pinions of Jehovah rise,  
 And all the malice of thy foes despise !  
 His faith, his mercy, and his pow'r divine,  
 Shall raise thy horn, and make the nations thine ;  
 'Till Asia bends beneath thy scepter'd hand,  
 And thy wide empire grasps the sea and land.  
 Rise in thy zeal, exalted hero, rise,  
 Discharge the vengeance of th' insulted skies ;  
 Deliver Israel, lay proud tyrants low ;  
 In mid career triumphant vice o'erthrow,  
 And give a new horizon to the throne :  
 The God of Gods adopts thee for his own !  
 All foes defeated, when the flaming sun  
 Shall forty circuits thro' the zodiac run,  
 Like autumn-fruit, he'll gently fall away,  
 And steal from life by unperceiv'd decay.  
 By his own holiness Jehovah swears,  
 His glorious lineage shall outlive the spheres.  
 Rise, Salem, in celestial glory, rise !  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head and wond'ring eyes !  
 What starry lights thy pallaces adorn !  
 What scepter'd sons and daughters yet unborn !  
 Behold the shining constellations rise,  
 And long to lend new lustre to the skies !

R

Her

Her second sun, in heav'nly splendor crown'd,  
 Shines o'er the globe ; the globe admires around !  
 A sacred temple to the clouds shall rise,  
 And nature own a God below the skies !  
 See faith and justice visit earth again ;  
 The mild age mellows into peace serene ;  
 The brazen trumps no more the nations burn ;  
 The useless sabres into sickles turn ;  
 While Moloch champs his adamant chain,  
 Roars over hell, and burns for blood in vain !  
 See barb'rous nations to thy light repair,  
 And to thy shrine the wealth of empires bear !  
 See prostrate kings around thy altars fall,  
 And offer up the sceptres of the ball !  
 See heav'n expanding all its portals bright,  
 And breaking on thee in a flood of light !  
 The rising sun no more shall gild the pole,  
 Nor silver moons the fable night console ;  
 But lost, like stars, in thy eternal rays,  
 One tide of glory o'er thy courts shall blaze :  
 The great original of light shall shine  
 In open day, and God himself be thine !  
 From wedded maid and virgin-mother springs  
 A God, a God, th' eternal King of Kings !  
 A God, a God ! all nature echoes round,  
 Earth rings with rapture, and the heav'ns resound.  
 His blood defaces ev'ry hellish stain ;  
 His life associates God and man again ;

Defeated

Defeated death refunds his captive train,  
And Eden blossoms, and Messiah reigns.

'This said, the zephyrs from their healthy wings  
Shook the rich fragrance of ten thousand springs ;  
At once the radiant troops of angels rise,  
And with hosannahs shake the sounding skies,  
With sacred rev'rence bow the throne around,  
And cast their flow'ry garlands on the ground :  
Then with th' Elysian chaplets crown'd again,  
Immortal pleasures kiss the smiling train,  
In sportive jubilee aloft they bound,  
And swim the maze of harmony around ;  
With rapture strike their golden lutes along,  
And with salvation crown the glowing song ;  
And now the Son, and now the Father sing,  
Wake ev'ry love, and touch the sweetest string :  
Your praise for ever shall our harps employ,  
And ravish ev'ry God with ev'ry joy.  
While thus th' Pow'rs repeat their tuneful lays,  
And heav'n's high dome re-echoes praise for praise,  
The bright Ithuriel, Saul's angelic pow'r,  
With rapid wings ascends th' ethereal bow'r,  
All mute and pale for his terrestrial care,  
So sadly lost in Satan's wiley snare ;  
Swift as a glancing sparkle from the skies,  
Before the Majesty of heav'n he flies,  
And proves with pious plea, that all his pain,  
And all his vigilance, was us'd in vain :

R 2

When



When from the solemn darkness of his throne  
 A peal of thunder shook th' empyreal zone ;  
 And from the sacred gloom, with awful sound,  
 Amid the clap that rock'd the skies around,  
 A loud voice cited to the seat divine  
 The second glory of th' angelic line,  
 His faithful nunciate from the realms above,  
 The bright interpreter of heav'nly love ;  
 Who stands beside th' eternal throne of light,  
 And wafts our pray'rs before Jehovah's sight.

Swift as the word the lucid angel flies,  
 And in a trail of glory cuts the skies ;  
 All-rev'rent stands before the King of Kings,  
 And veils his face with his refulgent wings :  
 A solemn silence awes the courts on high ;  
 Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.

Fly, Gabriel, fly ! precipitate thy flight,  
 To the dominions of eternal night ;  
 All, all the fiends destructive to mankind,  
 And baleful Moloc from his den unbind ;  
 The martial imp, who bears at our commands  
 The torch of discord thro' flagitious lands.  
 The sword of battle to his hand convey ;  
 This instant let him seek the realms of day,  
 Rouse all his native fury, and excite  
 To all the flaming rage of wasting fight  
 The sons of Jacob, and the guilty train \*  
 That dwells along the margin of the main :

\* The Philistines.

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For both alike deserve, and both shall bear  
 The chaf'ning fury of avenging war.  
 War, war shall purge th' abominable land,  
 Before the reliques of my chosen band  
 Possess the mercies I for them ordain,  
 In Jesse's son ; and lop the lawless train :  
 As death consum'd their guilty fires, before  
 I gave their wand'ring seed the promis'd shore.  
 With spirit not their own the Pagans fire ;  
 In dull dejection let my bands retire ;  
 Adorn my hero with the victor's bays,  
 And from his dark eclipse the shepherd raise ;  
 In open view to make our favour known,  
 And manifest his title to the throne.  
 This part perform'd, when Phosphor leaves the main  
 And glitters in the gates of heav'n again ;  
 Fly, fly to sacred Ramah, and convey  
 Our awful mandate thro' the fields of day ;  
 Where for rejected Saul, and Jacob's care,  
 My holy Samuel spends the night in pray'r.  
 To him the counsels of the sky reveal,  
 And with this balm his bleeding bosom heal :  
 We've chose a King according to our heart,  
 To save his country, and relieve her smart ;  
 Whose blood from the Judean lion springs,  
 The promis'd father of a race of kings !  
 Who in old Jesse's humble roof resides,  
 Where Bethlem shines on Cedon's silver tides..

R. 3.

There

There let him with his golden vial go,  
 And Israel's King by sacred unction show.  
 Thou too, Ithuriel ! whom the fates decree  
 The guardian-god of Israel's king to be,  
 When Samuel shall his designation show,  
 Shoot from Olympus to the pole below ;  
 And with the solemn instituted sign,  
 On David's heart infuse a pow'r divine ;  
 Lift up with wisdom his capacious breast,  
 (A mansion worthy so sublime a guest ! )  
 And ev'ry quality which kings require,  
 To mark the choice of heav'n's almighty fire.  
 With Zephon join thy tutelary pow'r,  
 (His chosen angel since his natal hour)  
 And shield him in the shadow of thy wings  
 From Saul, from Satan, and the Pagan kings.  
 Before his feet the lamp of virtue hold,  
 And faith's blest portals in his path unfold.  
 A long, long exercise he shall sustain,  
 Bewitching pleasure, and besieging pain ;  
 And counterpoise the levity of youth  
 By deep experience in the ways of truth ;  
 Lest the bright lustre of a sceptre blind  
 The noble virtues of a youthful mind.  
 Hark ! how the heathens, Saul and Satan howl  
 To drink his blood, and hunt his panting soul !  
 The heathens to withstand his spreading sway,  
 Which he shall propagate from sea to sea,  
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(Warn'd by the various oracles around ; )  
 Proud Saul his godlike rival to confound ;  
 And Satan man's salvation to oppose,  
 And shield himself from everlasting woes.  
 But in the strong protection of the skies  
 He glorious o'er the sable clouds shall rise,  
 And shine superior on my brightest throne,  
 And bound his glory with the heav'ns alone.

Th' Almighty spoke, and gave the solemn nod,  
 The seal of fate, and sanction of the God :  
 An awful tremor shakes the starry skies,  
 And all the gods in hallelujahs rise :  
 All but the nunciate---he, with glad desire,  
 Obeys the mandate of th' Almighty Sire ;  
 And first his feet with golden pinions bound,  
 Which waft his voyage o'er the blue profound,  
 Along the pole in smooth excursions fly,  
 Or dart him in a whirlwind down the sky ;  
 Then shades his temples with ethereal plumes,  
 A waving glory ! and his wand assumes ;  
 The wand which sleep's oblivious pow'rs obey,  
 Makes tombs return their tenants to the day,  
 Expells the soul, from the Tartarean plain  
 Conjures the ghosts, or drives them down again.

Thus arm'd, he waves his mooney wings behind,  
 And mounts incumbent on the wafting wind ;  
 Then swift arriving at the gates of gold,  
 Self-open'd wide the heav'nly gates unfold

On.

On silver hinges turning, to the sound  
 Of warbled musick floating wide around.  
 From hence ten thousand sparkling worlds he spies,  
 And rushes down the vast ethereal skies;  
 Far, far below surveys our nether sphere,  
 And cuts his passage thro' the deeps of air.  
 As when a pilot, in the world of waves,  
 With sharpen'd eyes the destin'd shore perceives,  
 A cloudy atom, indistinct and high,  
 Slow-swelling up, and melting in the sky;  
 On all his open'd wings he thither tends:  
 Thus Gabriel on expanded sails descends,  
 In sweeping glories: distant globes admire  
 The God descending, and the skies on fire.

So when amid the lucid orbs of air  
 Darts the red comet to the solar sphere;  
 And as below the shading earth he flies,  
 Shakes his long train, and kindles half the skies;  
 The superstitious lands with awe survey,  
 And from the sparkling terrors turn away;  
 While souls enlighten'd, with exulting eyes  
 Behold the glorious stranger sweep the skies,  
 To lend new fire to heav'n's exhausted urns,  
 Light up new worlds, and quicken where he burns.

As when the sage astronomer on high  
 From world to world extends his boundless eye;  
 Thro' such a mighty space the seraph tends  
 At ev'ry sweep, and on the moon descends;

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Shakes the swift steerage of his spangled plumes,  
 Gilds her pale lamp, and all the sky perfumes.  
 Then, as an eagle from the vault of air  
 Darts headlong down on the predestin'd hare ;  
 So, with renew'd alacrity, he springs  
 To hell's deep dungeon on tempestuous wings,  
 To send the pow'r bellipotent abroad,  
 To scourge the nations in the wrath of God ;  
 Whom John beheld, with excreting eyes,  
 Descending with his faulchion from the skies,  
 Wing'd furious on his sanguine steed, to sow  
 Dissention round, and waste the world below.  
 He with the rout of rebel angels fell,  
 Launch'd by God's thunder to the lake of hell ;  
 The fiercest, fellest infidel that strove  
 Against his monarchy who rules above.  
 That hope extinguish'd, whose ambitious aim  
 Deluded him against the pow'r supreme,  
 (Malicious imp ! ) he vents eternal rage  
 On miserable men in ev'ry age ;  
 And all the joy of his perpetual pain,  
 Sweet as the nectar bowls he wont to drain,  
 Is o'er the nations to engender woe,  
 In happy families contention sow,  
 Thro' martial kingdoms fan the martial blaze,  
 And fire ambitious kings to chant his praise ;  
 To sacrifice whole nations to his name,  
 And drench the demon with the purple stream.

Heav'n,

Heav'n, earth, and hell detest the monster dire;  
 He scars e'en Satan, his tremendous fire;  
 And at his sight, with horrible dismay,  
 His sister-furies faint, or fly away.  
 Yet dare he not desert the Stygian bow'r,  
 Unless commission'd by th' Almighty pow'r  
 To banish peace from guilty earth agen,  
 And into justice scourge flagitious men:  
 For should the fiend licentious rove abroad,  
 One sea of blood would sink the works of God!  
 Yet he was worship'd by th' Ammonian train,  
 In lovely Rabba and her watry plain,  
 In Argob fair and Basen's oaky bound,  
 To where the streams of utmost Arnon sound.  
 There, built with burnish'd steel, his temple stood,  
 Besmear'd with parents' tears and human blood;  
 And in the temple, on a gorgeous throne,  
 All sheath'd in arms, his brazen idol shone,  
 A grim appearance! whose prepost'rous show  
 Display'd a bull above, a man below:  
 To which the fond, deluded parents led  
 Their wailing babes, with superstitious dread,  
 While secret fires inform'd his idol blind,  
 And to his arms the sacrifice consign'd;  
 While dancing to the brazen drums around,  
 His yelling priests the dismal clamours drown'd.  
 Ev'n Attick lands rever'd the monster's fame,  
 And Mars in Latium was the fury's name;

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And how the warrior left his heav'nly reign  
 (Their poets in romantic legends feign)  
 To court the maid, from whose prolific womb  
 Sprung the great founder of imperial Rome.

To his infernal cell the seraph hies,  
 And thro' the formless waste of chaos flies;  
 But long before he reach'd the dismal door,  
 And labour'd o'er the palpable obscure,  
 The roarings of the subterranean reign,  
 The rumbling fetter and the rattling chain,  
 The mingled din of cries that thunder'd round,  
 Strike him with awe, and in his ears rebound.  
 With horror thrill'd, he wings his voyage dire  
 On clouds of smoke and deluges of fire,  
 Which thro' the Stygian gates, with livid light,  
 Gloom'd on the bosom of primeval night,  
 And made the darkness visible to show  
 The doleful regions of eternal woe,  
 Where all-consoling peace can never dwell,  
 And black despair compleats the pains of hell.

Beside the gate of hell's abhor'd abode  
 Appears the mansion of the martial god,  
 With clouds of horror circumfus'd around,  
 And cakes of blood lay baking on the ground.  
 All over blood the drizzling fabrick hung,  
 And all around a rattling tempest rung.  
 And as the ravens fled Minerva's bow'r,  
 In awful terror of th' offended pow'r;

Far

Far, far away th' abhorring fiends retire  
 From his dread haunt, and shun the monster's ire.  
 And all the brazen frontispiece around  
 Was with the trophies of the demon crown'd ;  
 Proud sceptres broke, imperial thrones o'erturn'd,  
 And nations chain'd, and royal cities burn'd,  
 The skulls of heroes on his altars fry,  
 And burning temples all his fires supply.

Against the gates of adamantine rock  
 The seraph shook ; hell trembled at the shock :  
 The fierce concussion shakes the flaming ground,  
 And with a dreadful clap the gates rebound,  
 Harsh thunder on the brazen hinges grates,  
 Roars thro' the deeps, and rouses all the fates.  
 And as when Rome invoc'd the god of war  
 To lead her armies in his iron car,  
 The vested consul op'd the sacred bow'r,  
 Where Janus held the mad, imprison'd pow'r,  
 And thro' the bursting gates let loose afar  
 The boundless furies of devouring war :  
 So thro' the gates, that like a furnace vast  
 A storm of smoke and flaming sulphur cast,  
 (Displaying all the dreadful den to view)  
 As from Pandora's box the furies flew ;  
 And Moloe, bursting with a mighty sound  
 His iron chains, that thunder'd all around,  
 Wrapp'd in a tempest, rushes forth unaw'd,  
 With bloody mouth blaspheming man and God,  
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Expiring death, and threat'ning in his ire  
To storm the skies, and sink the world in fire.

Back with surprize the heav'nly nunciate flew,  
So sudden to behold the horrid crew !  
Like one who in a magazine of war,  
Among the powder flings a spark from far ;  
Exploding instant, with outrageous sound,  
The boundless blaze inflames the welkin round,  
Flies, thunders, spreads destruction far and near,  
And blasts th' incendiary himself with fear.

But when the Devil sees the seraph bright,  
He sighs with indignation at the sight,  
Weeps, sobs, denies his service with disdain,  
And plunges to his gloomy cave again :  
Like birds obscene, by some convulsive shock,  
Rous'd screaming from the caverns of the rock ;  
Struck blind with overpow'ring light they shrink,  
And back to their congenial darkness sink.

But Gabriel him detain'd, and to his hand  
Consign'd a shining sword, with short command.

Rouse, rouse the native fury of thy soul,  
Enjoy thy malice, and ascend the pole ;  
Fly, fly to Syria, and with vain alarms  
Fire the mad realms to slaughter, blood, and arms !

This said, with flight that mortal thought exceeds,  
The loathing angel on his message speeds :  
The fiend pursu'd his flight with eyes askew,  
Gloom'd like a storm, and curs'd him as he flew.



'Till recollecting all his native ire,  
 He for destruction rouzes all his fire,  
 With bloody hand exalts the blazing spear,  
 And hell's whole furies in his face appear !  
 A goary helmet on his forehead gleam'd,  
 With gaping gashes terribly insam'd ;  
 Black terror waves the formidable crest,  
 And breathes infernal rage in ev'ry breast.  
 A spacious target in his left he rears,  
 Rough with a nodding grove of broken spears ;  
 And vaulting on his adamantin ear,  
 Wing'd by red horses, like a blazing star,  
 Ascends sublimely on a roaring wind,  
 With all the terrors of grim war behind.

So from th' impoison'd wood, whose fœtid shade  
 No desp'rate mortal e'er presum'd t' invade,  
 At God's command, to punish evil deeds,  
 The mighty pow'r of pestilence proceeds,  
 In darkness clad, inflexibly severe,  
 And walks destructive o'er the sick'ning sphere ;  
 Lets loose the furies of the Strygian cave,  
 Whole nations sweeps, and peoples ev'ry grave.

Now from the dark domains of chaos driv'n,  
 He furls his sails in the purseus of heav'n,  
 And gazes on the glorious works of God,  
 Before his vision stretch'd in prospect broad ;  
 While anger, envy, hatred and despair,  
 Change his grim looks, and vary in his air,

To

To see the blissful saints and bright abodes,  
 Where once he dwelt a god among the gods !  
 How alter'd now !---a vassal to perform  
 Their vengeful drudgeries of fire and storm !  
 With bitter spight he shed a show'r of tears,  
 Despis'd the service, but, abas'd by fears,  
 And burning all for blood, pursu'd his flight,  
 And snuff'd the smell of slaughter with delight :  
 As when a vulture to the battle sails,  
 And scents a future carnage in the gales.

Thus on his pegasæan steeds he flew,  
 Whose snaky wings distill'd a bloody dew,  
 And tempested the sky, diffusing death  
 Among the constellations with their breath.  
 Th' impetuous fiends, all-panting for the prey,  
 When now our dusky orb in prospect lay,  
 (His rueful race, with garments roll'd in gore)  
 With flaming torches lash the car before,  
 And meagre death advances in the rear  
 On his pale steed, inflexible despair !  
 The moon was blasted at the baleful view,  
 And earth all trembled as they downward flew.  
 Aloft in air they clang their arms around ;  
 Earth starts, and all the system heard the sound.  
 With mute amaze, and fear-erect'd hair,  
 The nations stand ; new thunders roar in air :  
 The startled Syrians gaze, and gaze again,  
 And scan with rueful looks th' æthereal plain.

When lo! two glittering bands, in close array,  
 Along the sapphire welkin shape their way,  
 (Portentous sight!) on steeds and chariots borne  
 From realms of Hesper, and the rising morn;  
 Deep thunders play the symphonies of war,  
 And groves of spears gleam dreadful from afar.  
 The visionary bands for battle cry,  
 And join the mingling combat in the sky,  
 The fields of ether flame with war around,  
 The tumult thickens, and the clouds resound.  
 Deep carnage covers the celestial plain,  
 And show'rs of blood the Syrian meadows stain,  
 Helms, swords, and bucklers drop like blazing stars,  
 And scar the nations with foreboded wars;  
 Then in a glance the painted hosts decay,  
 And all the blazing wonder fades away.  
 Thus on the lucid bosom of the sky,  
 In figur'd bands th' embody'd ravens fly,  
 And tow'r among the clouds in airy rings,  
 The sailing clouds re-echo to their wings,  
 Their boding wings a rising storm foreshow,  
 And their sad clamours awe the lands below.

When thus the people's minds were tun'd to woe,  
 The fiend prepar'd the great concluding blow.  
 He leaves his chariot on the lunar sphere,  
 And in a whirlwind shoots th' abyse of air,  
 More eager than the glowing bullet flies,  
 To feast on hostile blood, along the skies;

Then

Then in Judea's palms concludes his flight,  
 And breathes a browner horror on the night.  
 Now painted birds in pleasing triumph play,  
 And heav'nly musick hails the dawning day :  
 When, his abhorr'd cerberean form to hide,  
 The demon lays his hideous looks aside,  
 And to an herald of the Hebrew name  
 Converts his gait, his fashion, and his frame :  
 With flying dust his sweeping vesture stains,  
 And on a staff his lassid limbs sustains.  
 Big drops of sweat his glowing face embost,  
 And all the demon in the man was lost.  
 As all fatigu'd he pants along the path  
 Which from Jerusalem declines to Gath,  
 Proud seats of empire ! doom'd by jealous rage  
 A long, hereditary war to wage.  
 Blights, plagues and famine at his side appear,  
 And wasting mildews kill th' abortive year.  
 Before him now the sleeping city rouse,  
 And walls and bolted gates his way oppose ;  
 But walls and bolted gates oppose in vain ;  
 He push'd his bending staff against the plain,  
 And vaulting upward with an active bound,  
 Flew o'er the wall, and lighted on the ground :  
 Then o'er the city casts his wide survey,  
 And in fierce hopes devours the promis'd prey ;  
 Steers thro' the town his solitary flight,  
 And, low'ring, blasts the tender bloom of light ;



Full in the forum winds his trumpet sound,  
 And all the region thunders with the sound.  
 Struck with the piercing peal, the mothers prest  
 Their starting infants to the flutt'ring breast,  
 The god of slumber starts with pale affright,  
 And flies with all the painted dreams of night.  
 Swift in the citadel the soldiers arm,  
 Fly out half-naked at the wild alarm,  
 'Where, where's the fire!' and in a moment round  
 Swarms the pale city, and the streets resound.

High-tow'ring o'er the concourse of the plain,  
 'The Stygian herald rung his horn again,  
 And from imperial Achis claim'd the rod,  
 A gift from Israel's king to Israel's God:  
 But if his borrow'd pride refuse to lay  
 The pageant glories of his state away,  
 Strong in his right, the angry Saul from far  
 Already wakes the sleeping sword of war,  
 Unwinds his bloody flag with fierce delight,  
 And, wrapp'd in tempests, rushes to the fight,  
 To climb on hills of slaughter to his crown,  
 To bend it to his awe, or break it down;  
 And, like pale death, in silent grandeur reign,  
 The lonely monarch of a lifeless train.  
 Yield, yield your sceptre, and let Achis prove  
 A glorious victim to our monarch's love:  
 Thus, piteous, save the poor devoted bands,  
 For whom grim war his greedy jaws expands,

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And save yourselves from such a horrid stain,  
 A desert kingdom, and a nation slain !  
 And may the God of Gods, the King of Kings,  
 Who leads our armies on cherubic wings,  
 Low in the dust the throne of Jacob lay,  
 If we unjustly claim your throne to-day !

This said, he scornfully discharg'd afar  
 His bloody lance, the signal of the war :  
 And as in torrid lands, where Ceres bows  
 Beneath the golden produce of the plows,  
 If on the parching plain, amid the dark,  
 Some foe malignant casts a fatal spark ;  
 The sudden blaze, increas'd by breezes dire,  
 In rapid torrents of involving fire,  
 Wide and more wide the crackling valley sweeps,  
 Devours the woods, and deluges the steep ;  
 'Till mounting the tumultuous winds on high,  
 It whelms the cities, and illumines the sky :  
 As swift his kindling words the city fir'd,  
 And ev'ry soul with thirst of war inspir'd.  
 Tremendous danger seems a lovely sight,  
 And eager fancy, with severe delight,  
 Paints all the glories of the purple plain,  
 The hideous heaps of Hebrew armies slain,  
 The gaudy trophies gleaming on the day,  
 And wealthy towns abandon'd to the prey.  
 War, war they shout ; provoke their leaders on,  
 Rush into ranks, and grumble to be gone.

When

When lo ! the monarch, with majestic pace,  
 Advances like the grisly god of Thrace,  
 When he unchains the fiends, and sounds from far  
 The brazen trumpet of tumultuous war.

Away, (he cries) like lightning warn your king;  
 My thunder shall pursue your fleetest wing,  
 And in a moment vindicate the throne,  
 Advance our glories, and ascend his own.  
 So hence, the presage of your own decay---  
 He said, commanded war, and stalk'd away :  
 But on th' embassador the rabble flew,  
 Tumultuous scream'd, and to a dungeon drew.

As when, O Bacchus, like a blooming boy,  
 The sailors chain'd thee with felonious joy;  
 Assuming all the god, as poets sing,  
 The glaring panthers growl'd about their king ;  
 The bounding ship stood rooted in the main ;  
 The sacred Thyrsis trembled o'er the train ;  
 The fearful train with sudden phrenzy burn'd,  
 Leap'd over-board, and were to dolphins turn'd :  
 So chang'd the herald, as they him surround ;  
 The horrid fiend in all his terrors frown'd !  
 Confus'd, aghast, precipitate they fall,  
 And dash their brains against the marble wall,  
 Blind by distraction ! in convulsions foam,  
 Or thro' the town in screeching madness roam ;  
 While others into statues froze with fear,  
 To see the fell Gorgonean fiend appear !

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All in a moment, all the furies spring,  
 Ten thousand forms glare round the grisly king;  
 Untune their souls with their contagious breath,  
 And sting them with the dreadful lust of death;  
 But o'er the rout the fiend superior flies,  
 Enlarges, spreads, and gains upon the skies;  
 Hangs his tremendous front with hissing snakes,  
 At ev'ry look a fiercer figure takes,  
 Seems fifty furies in a moment's space,  
 And hell, all hell flames open in his face.  
 Like blazing suns he rolls his bloody eyes;  
 Flies thro' the city, bellowing as he flies;  
 Tears the black, spitting serpents from his crest,  
 And shoots the biting asps in ev'ry breast:  
 Erecting all his crackling scales around,  
 He whirls a flaming brand with fearful sound,  
 Expands his rabid jaws, that hiss'd with flame,  
 And sputter'd blood, and gave a dreadful scream.

Behold, behold the godhead you'd enchain,  
 Spite of the laws of nature, heav'n and man!  
 See the tremendous demon you adore!  
 A fury from the deep infernal shore,  
 I come to bathe in seas of blood profound,  
 And fling destruction, death and war around!

He said, and like an eagle scales the skies,  
 With all his serpents hissing as he flies.  
 Big with new mischiefs, o'er the land he steers,  
 'Till underneath Jerusalem appears,

The



The queen of Palestine ! superbly high,  
 With gilded turrets blazing on the sky ;  
 Magnificently grand ! she plants her throne  
 Aloft, and makes the strength of hills her own.  
 Here in a whirlwind sail'd the prince of hell,  
 And on Moriah's castled summit fell ;  
 Where on the terrace of a lofty tow'r,  
 They kept their vigils on the Pagan pow'r.  
 The fiend incumbent on the watchman fell,  
 With all the rancour of revengeful hell ;  
 Grip'd, snatch'd aloft, and whirl'd him round  
 and round,  
 Dash'd on the walls, and shot him to the ground.  
 While Palinurus fix'd his careful eyes  
 On ev'ry guiding lamp that glides the skies,  
 Fix'd at the helm, and obstinate to keep  
 His lov'd Æneas from the flatt'ring deep,  
 Thus the Lethæan god upon him flew,  
 And down the flashing seas the pilot threw.

The posted fiend the watch's shape acquires,  
 With his full force his mighty horn inspires,  
 Sounds with infernal breath the loud alarms,  
 And, like a whirlwind, cries ' to arms, to arms !'  
 The spacious city thunders with the sound ;  
 The houses shake ; the hollow hills rebound ;  
 The Mount of Olives waves with all its woods ;  
 The silver Cedon shakes in all its floods ;

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The doubling echo beats the gates of Zoar ;  
 Adullam trembles at the furious roar ;  
 Ev'n Jordan rolls his fiercer floods afar,  
 And sounds thro' ev'ry tribe the sign of war.

See, see my friends ! (the Stygian guard exclaims)  
 What globe of vapours o'er the city streams,  
 Encreasing, dark'ning, rolling here along,  
 With bursting shouts, and throng succeeding  
 throng !

What flashing fits of momentary flames !  
 What glittering armour thro' the darkness gleams !  
 The foes advance, the Philistines are here---  
 Rouse, snatch your arms, and give a loose to  
 war !

He said : the people gaze with horrent hair,  
 And thro' the city runs the sound of war ;  
 At once they scale the tow'rs to view the foe,  
 And see the black battalions move below :  
 For, in destruction skill'd, the demon drove  
 A troop of vapours from the vault above,  
 Devolv'd to Israel from the hostile coast,  
 And shap'd, and marshal'd, like a moving host.  
 Resurgent banners paint the blue serene ;  
 The fiery legions pour along the plain ;  
 Deep, loud alarms the gazing towns affright,  
 And all the furies of gigantic fight.  
 Such was the tumult of th' aerial pow'rs  
 Wich aw'd the Syrian at Samaria's tow'rs,

When

When with his frightened host he fled along,  
Before a vain imaginary throng.

But Saul enkindles at the dire alarms,  
Flies thro' the town, and calls aloud to arms,  
Save, save your sinking land ! the troops take fire,  
Rush out, and eagerly the war desire  
The trumpet animates the martial pow'r,  
And on the summit of a lofty tow'r  
Sublime in air th' imperial banners blow,  
And gath'ring armies clash their shields below.  
Against the sun a blaze of armour shone,  
And all the streets with batter'd anvils groan.  
As when soft zephyrs stir the gentle sea,  
The surface whitens, and the billows play ;  
'Till by degrees the raging deeps arise,  
Burst o'er the land, and thunder in the skies.

But to Jehovah's consecrated fane,  
In slow procession moves a solemn train  
Of helpless females, and decrepid fires,  
With melancholy mein, and black attires.  
Great Ahinoam, Saul's imperial bride,  
Her fair, majestic daughters at her side,  
Precedes the pomp : to Heav'n's eternal King  
Their pure devotion mounts the gleamy wing  
Of sacraficial flames ; and from the shrine  
A tide of musick forces aid divine.

Mean time, where Rama's beauteous turrets rise,  
The messenger of God to Samuel flies ;

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Whose vital thread an hundred years consume,  
 To God devoted in his mother's womb;  
 The gracious God the sacred gift confest,  
 And breath'd his holy spirit in his breast.  
 In vain the Philistine's disarm'd the land,  
 God's armoury unfolded to his hand;  
 With rains and raging winds he fought the foe,  
 And dar'd the fiery bolts of heav'n to throw.  
 Among the priests, a priest the prophet trod,  
 And liv'd but for his country and his God.  
 Without the lust of sway, the glorious sage  
 The sceptre bore, to bless a stubborn age;  
 With equal glory all his state resign'd,  
 Nor cast one last, sad, ling'ring look behind.  
 Alas! so far above the farce of state,  
 He pity'd his successor's painful fate;  
 Extended on the ground, with ashes spread  
 The silver honours of his holy head;  
 In sackcloth lay; and with unceasing call  
 Implor'd the Lord for Palestine and Saul.  
 As when a father, with expressless pain,  
 Bewails his family, a num'rous train!  
 All, all before his blasted eyes decreed  
 For some unpardonable crime to bleed;  
 Thus he bewails the woes of Jacob's line,  
 And sadly deprecates the wrath divine,  
 To quench the vengeful thunders in his hand,  
 And send his saving mercy to the land.

T

When



When lo! with songs of harmony and love  
 A purple cloud came floating from above,  
 And, self-suspended on the warbling wind,  
 Before the prostrate sire serenely shin'd.  
 The voice of musick bade the prophet rise,  
 Dissolv'd his woes, and clear'd his weeping eyes :  
 As when the lenient spirit of the wind  
 Wakes the sick soul, and fans the drooping mind.

Wide opes the luminous, ethereal shrine,  
 And the mild God emerges all divine,  
 His members in serener glories spread,  
 And leans majestic o'er the prophet's head ;  
 While solemn thunders shake the conscious dome,  
 And lambent light'nings chase the pensive gloom.  
 At once in air the fluid cloud refines,  
 And all-reveal'd the heav'nly vision shines.  
 Cœlestial beauty in his visage glows,  
 Beneath a garland of Elysian rose ;  
 Like golden beams his tresses swept the ground,  
 And breath'd the vital sweets of heav'n around.  
 Six silver pinions, with a golden ray  
 Illumin'd round, sustain'd the seraph gay,  
 A feather'd mail, with starry spangles crown'd,  
 Which gilt the dome with waving lustre round ;  
 Like the reflection of the dawning day,  
 Effusive trembling on the placid sea.

Thus bending from above, his roseate hand  
 Extends the potent, peace-procuring wand,

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Sheds on his heart the balmy dew of peace,  
 And beams the smiles of gladness on his face;  
 Then in symphonious lays his message sung,  
 And dropp'd cœlestial manna from his tongue.

Whence flows this anguish? Is thy scanty span  
 Capacious of the universal plan,  
 That thou must arbitrate, with fruitless woe,  
 Between Jehovah and his works below?  
 How long for Saul's misfortune wilt thou moan,  
 Since God ejects him from the tainted throne;  
 And calls a man, according to his heart,  
 To save his country, and relieve her smart?  
 Rise then, belov'd of heav'n! thy grief allay,  
 Forget the tyrant, and thy God obey.  
 To Bethlem with thy golden vial go,  
 And Israel's king by sacred unction show.  
 The heav'nly spirit o'er thy soul shall rise,  
 And whisper all the counsels of the skies,  
 While you to Jesse's humble roof repair;  
 For God elects the king of Israel there.

Thus the sweet raptures warble on the heart,  
 And all the energy of heav'n impart;  
 While his complacent looks with splendor blaze,  
 Reflected from the God's refulgent rays:  
 As Luna shines with Sol's reflected light,  
 And in her pale dominion paints the night.

I go, I go, (he joyfully rejoyn'd)  
 Thou comforter of my dejected mind!

T 2

Where

Where heav'n directs, I take the happy way,  
 I hear with pleasure, and with pride obey !  
 But if the king (in whose malignant mind  
 The loveliest passions that exalt mankind  
 Are chang'd, by wild ambition's lawless sway,  
 To feller beasts than ever prowld for prey)  
 If he by babbling rumour hears the deed,  
 This hateful wretch shall by his frenzy bleed.

Oh impotence of faith ! (with glowing eyes  
 The bright, etherial messenger replies)  
 If man depends on man's auxiliar pow'r,  
 Doubt you th' Almighty in the needful hour ?  
 His meanest slave the tyrant would despise,  
 When high Jehovah aids him from the skies.  
 But to thy weakness heav'n vouchsafes to bend,  
 And in the holy rituals hides the end :  
 Go then, the consecrated helper take,  
 Declare you come the sacrifice to make,  
 (Thy sacred office justifies the place)  
 And call old Jesse to the scene of grace,  
 (The Lord shall whisper thee his full design)  
 And him, among the whole Jessean line,  
 Anoint the honours of the throne to bear,  
 Whom Israel's God shall to thy soul declare.

This said, he like an eagle soar'd away,  
 And in a moment scal'd the milky way ;  
 While darkness sinks before his flaming flight,  
 And in the orient glows the king of light :

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When thus, obsequious to the will divine,  
The pious sage commands his menial line.

Haste to the dewy lawn, and from the herd  
An heifer lead, for excellence preferr'd,  
White as the snow, unblemish'd and unbroke,  
Pure from the male, and sacred from the yoke :  
Wash in the living wave, with flow'rs adorn,  
And gild with ductile gold her curling horn.  
Haste, and with haste return : to Jesse's bow'r  
We'll go serener in the morning-hour,  
While fair Aurora fans with balmy gales  
The flow'ry meadows and melodious vales ;  
Ere Sol around with flaming influence sways,  
And nature gasps in the distressful blaze.

The duteous vassals prompt obedience show'd,  
While to the skies his pure devotion flow'd.  
He then divested his obscene array,  
And slow-descended where the laver lay.  
A slave repletes the laver's shining mold,  
With fervid fluids qualify the cold,  
And modestly retires. The naked sage,  
Slow and unweildy with consuming age,  
Ascends the bath, low-bending in the waves,  
And from his limbs the foul pollution laves :  
Then combs his silver beard, and ends the toil.  
With large effusion of ambrosial oil.  
Now in his sacred garb invested round,  
His silver locks the rich tiara bound ;



In awful pomp before his train he shin'd,  
And left th' infirmities of age behind.

So when the seasons lead the sun on high,  
In youthful pomp t' espouse the blushing sky,  
The earth revives, exhausted ere her day,  
By winter's cold, uncomfortable sway;  
The tepid south descends in genial show'rs,  
Impregns her bosom, and recruits her pow'rs;  
The faded landscape all her pomp resumes,  
Love warbles round, and ev'ry beauty blooms.

With pleasing transport now they march along;  
The lowing heifer frisks before the throng.  
What time the rosy nymphs with foaming pails,  
Gay-warbling, glide along the violet vales;  
The sacred band thro' Bethlem takes its way,  
And with due rev'rence the vast crowds survey.

As when th' Almighty Father of mankind,  
In rattling thunder, rides the wings of wind,  
In pomp descending from the holy place,  
To build new worlds, and people endless space;  
The guilty conscience faints with dread surprize,  
And antedates the vengeance of the skies:  
So, while his great vicegerent marches down,  
The chiefs and elders of the frightened town  
(For then in other parts his circuit lay)  
Around the prophet pant with pale dismay,  
And deem'd he from th' eternal Sov'reign came,  
To vent the wrath of his insulted name.

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But Samuel qualifies their anxious fear,  
And cries I come in peace to worship here :  
Oh sanctify yourselves, and humbly move  
To the pure altar of Almighty love.

The hallow'd bands their holy judge obey,  
And to the sylvan lodge attend his way.  
Amidst a beauteous plain the mansion stood,  
Fronted with fragrant walks of flow'ry wood,  
And soft-embosom'd in the flow'ry screen  
Of groves, that arch the regal cot with green ;  
While all the musick of the chanting woods,  
The wilder concert of the distant floods,  
The vocal zephirs, thro' the bleating vale  
Their airs attuning to some shepherd's tale,  
Their modulations in one chorus join'd,  
And shed a sweet composure on the mind.

To this delicious bow'r the seer convey'd  
The solemn train : at distance they delay'd,  
Beneath the cool pavilion of the groves ;  
But to the humble court the father moves.  
Jesse the rev'rend prophet first describes ;  
With heart elate, and rapture-beaming eyes,  
To meet him hastes ; extends his kindly hand ;  
Welcome, he cries, oh saviour of the land !  
Thou to whose breast forsaken virtue flies,  
As to her mansion, nor regrets the skies ;  
Thrice welcome here, whate'er the happy cause  
Which such an honour to my cottage draws !

The

The sage repays his salutation kind,  
 And walking affable, with hands combin'd,  
 Lo ! (said the noble swain) this poor abode  
 Has oft receiv'd the messengers of God ;  
 And here, in future times, our poets sing,  
 The promis'd Saviour on my stock shall spring :  
 Thy soul as nobly over pomp can rise,  
 Enjoy our want, and emulate the skies.

He said, with amicable fervor prest

The prophet's hand, and inward led his guest :  
 The house with veneration bows profound,  
 And with extatick pleasure crouds around.  
 'Twas then the senior's eldest sons prepar'd  
 To aid the sov'reign in the war declar'd ;  
 Majestic Eliab, Abinadab gay,  
 And Samea skill'd to pierce the deep array ;  
 While their fond mother, with officious haste,  
 Prepar'd a lambkin for the parting feast.

His seat bold Eliab to the seer resign'd,  
 And on an easy stool his feet reclin'd ;  
 With wond'ring eyes he views the brothers round,  
 Sev'n graceful youths, with ev'ry beauty crown'd ;  
 Then tells the glorious message of the skies,  
 While they attend with pleasure and surprize.  
 Elated Eliab from the chamber bounds ;  
 The marble pavement with his step resounds :  
 He lightly skims along the sanded square ;  
 The hopes of empire lift his soul in air !

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He meets the chiefs and elders of the land,  
 With Samuel's holy train, a solemn band !  
 And much accusing his uncourteous stay,  
 And gracefully excusing the delay,  
 All-kind invites them to the social feast,  
 And with his menials leaves the hallow'd beast :  
 Then inward led, with elevated stride,  
 And silky soffas for his guests supply'd.  
 Th' attendants spread the board--but Samuel cries,  
 Oh let us first partake the sacrifice !  
 That holy banquet of divine decree,  
 The symbol of his glorious Son to be ;  
 Who leaves th' eternal splendors of the sky,  
 And clouds the godhead in mortality,  
 To bear the vengeance of our crimes, to give  
 Himself for man, and die that we may live.  
 Oh ! I adjure you in his awful name,  
 Ere we advance, each evil thought reclaim ;  
 Embosom God ; for your offences pine ;  
 And sanctify yourselves to love divine.

He said : with solemn pace, and pious awe,  
 Slow to the place of sacrifice they draw :  
 As holy christians now, with joy and pain,  
 Before the table of the Lord convene,  
 In dear memorial of his dying love,  
 To seal their covenant with Christ above,  
 And feed their souls, that languish for the food,  
 On the bless'd symbols of a broken God !

Not



Not from th' imperial cottage far withdrawn,  
 The savage hills inclos'd a lovely lawn ;  
 Autumnal gold adorns the sloping side,  
 And low'ring clouds the lofty summits hide ;  
 While o'er the cliffs a darksome grove reclin'd,  
 Sublimely wav'd, and murmur'd in the wind,  
 Extending o'er the vale, in length display'd,  
 The holy horrors of its nodding shade.  
 Two foaming rivers thro' the forest play'd,  
 And down the summit cast a white cascade,  
 That roar'd indignant thro' the channel'd rock,  
 And flash'd refulgent round at ev'ry shock ;  
 'Till flowing down the slope with lessen'd roar,  
 The wedded waters take one common shore,  
 Glide in one genial bed along the green,  
 And in their mirror multiply the scene :  
 The solemn scene, which to a Pagan sight  
 Would seem a haunt, where gods might take delight :  
 Yes, and the gods have found Elysium there,  
 Sublime descendants of the starry sphere !  
 Cœlestial Contemplation here abode,  
 And to chaste David all her charms bestow'd,  
 (While for her love he left the world behind)  
 And with ethereal wonders fed his mind,  
 Attun'd his lute to everlasting lays,  
 And crown'd her poet with seraphic bays.  
 Rais'd on the velvet margin of the flood,  
 In laurel shades, a sylvan altar stood,

Built

Built by the priests of lucid pebbles, high,  
 Elected from the brook that babbles by ;  
 With splits of aromatic cedars crown'd,  
 And with the gayest flow'rs enamel'd round.  
 Around the base capacious goblets stood,  
 Replenish'd with the crystal of the flood ;  
 And others glowing with nectareous wine,  
 A dulcet off'ring to the Pow'r divine !  
 The Levites now th' unblemish'd victim led,  
 And bore the baskets of unleaven'd bread ;  
 While Samuel laid his mitre on the ground,  
 And trod the place with solemn steps around ;  
 And with a branch of olive, as he treads,  
 The holy mixture on th' assembly sheds.  
 He then initiates, and th' unleaven'd cakes  
 Above the altar and the victim shakes,  
 Effuses 'twixt her horns th' inverted bowl,  
 And to Jehovah elevates his soul,  
 Invoking him who guides the starry sphere  
 To chuse the pastor of his people there.  
 Then to the sky exalts his heifer's head,  
 (On which the candidates their fingers spread)  
 And gave command. The cleaving hatchet smote  
 Her bursting brain, the falchion cuts her throat ;  
 The sanguine deluge flows ; a silver bowl  
 In gushing tides receives the purple soul.  
 While o'er the pile he sheds the holy tide,  
 Swift from the limbs they flea the fuming hide,  
 With

With the dis sever'd limbs the altar load,  
 And heap the fragments with vulcanian food.  
 The vested pontiff stands before the pile,  
 And feeds the flame with incense, wine and oil ;  
 A show'r of sweetness ! flames on flames arise,  
 And waft their wishes to the sweeten'd skies.  
 His eyes evolving then along the green,  
 Where rang'd with grace the candidates were seen ;  
 He view'd them all, but most inspected one ;  
 And to the blissful father thus begun.

What's he whose lofty look, and noble air,  
 A king's exalted dignity declare ?  
 Another Saul ! he seems almost the same,  
 Such as he was, when he to Ramah came,  
 To seek his father's cattle, stray'd abroad,  
 And found the glorious diadem of God.  
 Such martial graces mingle in his air,  
 With all the melting mildness of the fair ;  
 Sampsonian vigour ! while his person tall  
 Exalted tow'rs, and overtops them all.  
 As yon diffusive pine, supremely high,  
 O'er-looks the forest, and invades the sky,  
 Disdains the storm, and shades the beasts above,  
 The gay, majestic monarch of the grove !  
 Such he appears, and triumphs uncontroul'd :  
 Sure, sure the Lord's elected I behold !  
 The fire replies : 'tis Eliab strikes your sight,  
 The fair beginning of my youthful might ;

Expe-

Experienc'd to inspire the martial band,  
And born to humble Gath's ambitious land.

But God in spirit to the prophet spoke :  
Nor on his towry height nor visage look ;  
For I've refus'd him : God's omniscient mind  
Sees not like man, weak, fallible and blind !  
Man judges by the heav'n-belying part ;  
But God's deep-searching eyes explore the heart.

Now Abinadab strikes the prophet's fight,  
Illustrious as the fancy'd lord of light,  
When he from Claros flew to heav'n above,  
Against the giant race to succour Jove.  
So shines the youth in arms among the crowd,  
Like morning blushing in a misty cloud.

But God rejects him ; and the seer again,  
With piercing eyes, inspects the princely train :  
What's he, the third who stands succinct for fight,  
His buckler like the blazing altar bright ?  
A painted plume, in wanton circles spread,  
Floats on the gale, and glistens round his head ;  
Beneath his polish'd helmet, smiles a face  
Where beauty weds a stern, heroic grace :  
He seems a hero, and his people's pride---  
The seer demanded, and the fire reply'd.

Another blessing giv'n me from above,  
The third dear product of connubial love.  
That radiant panoply your eyes approve  
Great Saul bestow'd, a monument of love !

U

The



The recompence of that illustrious day,  
 When he to Sarra's plains, from Haerlay,  
 Pursu'd th' Amalakites, and bridg'd the stream  
 With slaughter'd bands; and Samea is his name!

Jehovah weighs him in the golden scale,  
 Too light to balance our unsteady weal!  
 What's he who on yon palmy hillock stands,  
 And earnestly beholds us o'er the bands?  
 Tho' all his brethren overtop his head,  
 Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread;  
 A purple youthfulness illumines his face,  
 And golden locks his lofty forehead grace:  
 Thus stalks amid the flock, erect and bold,  
 The stately ram, the father of the fold.

To whom the sire: Nathaniel strikes your eyes:  
 But Samuel his imperial hope denies.  
 Then Jesse nods; and at the silent sign  
 Young Raddai moves before the man divine;  
 Compos'd in nature's elegance of care,  
 Tall, delicate, and exquisitely fair.  
 So blooms a lilly in some sylvan scene,  
 Its taper stem in unsuperfluous green,  
 Sublimely shines in snowy flow'rets fair,  
 And scarce sustains the gently-kissing air.

The sage rejects him, and his speech renews,  
 While anxiously the rivals he reviews:  
 What's he against yon fallen oak reclin'd,  
 His milk-white vest loose-waving in the wind?

With

With solemn look he views the sacrifice,  
And seems in thought conversing with the skies.

He is my son, and not unknown to fame,  
(Replies the fire) and Ozem is his name.

Thick light'nings flash, a peal of thunder broke,  
And from an op'ning cloud an angel spoke,  
While all th' assembly felt an awful shock,  
None, none of these shall feed Jehovah's flock !  
Then young Elihu past along the plain,  
With castigated grace, a subtle swain !  
Inspir'd with ev'ry strong enchanting art,  
To please, persuade, and captivate the heart,  
With eloquence that, like the vows of love,  
Could all suspicion from the soul remove.

While Samuel meditates the hero's call,  
Lo ! a celestial sign amaz'd them all :  
Sev'n vultures wav'd their flapping wings on high,  
Like a loud tempest overcast the sky,  
And downward sail'd along the waves of day,  
To where th' imperial bird all-wounded lay,  
Expiring on her nest with groans profound,  
While all her famish'd infants scream'd around.  
The dying dam the croaking harpies tear,  
And combat for her tender offspring there ;  
The nest's defac'd, the cedar trembles round,  
And the red plumes come hov'ring to the ground.  
Then ceasing battle, they assail the prey,  
And soon had worry'd all the birds away ;

But lo ! impetuous from his walks above,  
 The glorious bearer of the bolts of Jove,  
 Their mighty fire in majesty descends,  
 Protects his young, his mournful mate defends,  
 And vindicates the throne ; while on the wind  
 The foes retreat, and leave the spoil behind.  
 The solemn train with beating heart surveys  
 Th' ærial sign, and all on Samuel gaze ;  
 An awful silence ! 'till the auger weigh'd  
 The mystic omen, and unerring said.

God has this prodigy to guide us sent ;  
 And thus my soul explains the sure event.  
 Israel's presented by the cedar tall ;  
 The nest, the throne ; the wounded eagle, Saul ;  
 The young, his subjects ; and the vultures sev'n  
 Descending to her citadel from heav'n,  
 To slay the mother, and devour her brood,  
 Are those who candidates for empire stood ;  
 In such a pomp of horror they'd contend,  
 Dethrone the sov'reign, and his country rend.  
 But as we saw the plummy lord of air  
 Stoop from above, and terminate the war,  
 Assert th' invaded bow'r, the birds defend,  
 And sooth th' imperial mother 'till her end ;  
 Then reign sublime, superior, and alone----  
 So shall a royal eagle claim the throne,  
 Conclude the strife, his orphan'd Israel save,  
 And sooth her falling glory, to the grave ;

Then

Then reign sublime, superior, and alone----  
 Thus, Jesse, these shall never mount the throne ;  
 Yet God assigns thy s<sup>on</sup> the royal spear :  
 What riddle's this ? Are all thy children here ?

To whom the fire : the youngest yet remains,  
 Son of my age, and solace of my pains ;  
 By lavish heav'n the last of all bestow'd,  
 Such as in fondness parents ask of God.  
 Like trees in Paradise, his vernal rose  
 With all the opulence of autumn glows :  
 He wooes coy nature with a constant flame,  
 And traces out her fountains by the stream ;  
 While double honours round his garland play,  
 The poet's olive, and the warrior's bay.  
 The Grecians in harmonious fables tell  
 How Orpheus pierc'd the dark domains of hell,  
 Arm'd with his harp, and with melodious woe  
 Dissolv'd the ruthless deities below :  
 The tale may credit by my son acquire,  
 Whose lofty numbers and persuasive lyre,  
 Reveal religion's heav'nly charms, and draw  
 Indocile heathens to Jehovah's law ;  
 And giddy factions into concord cool,  
 And rein the passions with despotic rule ;  
 While fierce dæmoniacs hear their rage away,  
 And devils fly the sweet melodious lay.  
 Behind the savage hills, unknown to fame,  
 He keeps the flock, and David is his name.



Fly, fly, (exclaims the sage)---'till he appear  
We can't repose : fly, fly, and call him here !

Swift as the word, a stripling from the train  
Conveys the message to the princely swain ;  
And on the mountain's sunless side, display'd  
Beneath the flaunting woodbine's fragrant shade,  
Among his flocks the princely swain he found,  
With all the hinds in mute attention round ;  
While, on a primrose couch at ease reclin'd,  
On sacred extacies he fed his mind,  
His golden lute to themes seraphic strung,  
And roll'd celestial numbers from his tongue,  
'Thro' nature's lovely face he now explor'd  
The beauties of th' Artificer ador'd ;  
Of providence unwind's the puzzling plan,  
And sings the glorious ways of God to man :  
'Then rais'd his strain above th' eternal bounds,  
And sung the godhead in majestic sounds ;  
Soft sunk the notes, and bid the musick roll  
Love's mournful sweets, and captivate the soul,  
And bring th' Almighty Jesus from the sky  
To dwell in clay, pine, suffer, bleed, and die.  
The ravish'd swains around with transport glow'd,  
And languish'd for the Holy One of God :  
'Till now th' unwelcome nunelate comes in sight,  
And tells th' amazing story with delight,  
But he receiv'd it as an idle jest,  
And to his warbling lyre again address'd :

'Till

'Till solemnly the swain avouch'd the truth,  
 And down the mountain leads the pensive youth,  
 While gleaming smiles, bedew'd with glist'ning tears,  
 Express'd the pleasing strife of hope and fears.  
 Such Paris was, on Ida's piny shades,  
 Eclipse'd among the clowns and sylvan maids;  
 Among his sheep he blew his tuneful cane,  
 And sweet Oenone sweeten'd ev'ry strain;  
 When Troy's majestic lords around him came,  
 And led him to the throne with loud acclaim.  
 Thus with majestic step the hero moves,  
 And ev'ry step his graceful port improves;  
 Cœlestial youth o'er all his lovely face  
 Her glowing honours breath'd, with ev'ry grace;  
 Soft innocence his modest eyes illum'd,  
 And on his brows a rosy chaplet bloom'd,  
 To shade him from the sun's afflictive rays;  
 For now he burn'd in full meridian blaze.  
 The prophet eyes him as he moves above,  
 And cries with admiration, joy, and love:  
 Behold the hero by Jehovah crown'd!  
 The glorious star that lights this earthly round!  
 O youth, the darling of thy God confess,  
 Blest are thy parents, and thy kindred blest!  
 And blest, beyond all ages on record,  
 This happy land in such a pious lord!  
 While nature feels the genial force of spring,  
 While planets glow around yon golden ring,  
 While

While men applause to godlike virtue give,  
 Thy name shall flourish, and thy praise shall live !  
 Ye favour'd men, who shall his worth enjoy,  
 (But death shall then this feeble frame destroy)  
 Behold your king, and with obeisance bend,  
 While guiding gods his hallow'd way attend !  
 Himself almost a god ! His noble mind,  
 And form august, with ev'ry grace refin'd,  
 The fairest emblem of the maker fair,  
 Of all that drink this life-infusing air.  
 Never, I never, 'till this happy day,  
 Beheld so much of heav'n in human clay !  
 Such, in the visions of celestial love,  
 I saw an angel gliding from above,  
 All-smiling in immortal youth, to bind  
 The blasting thunder, or the baleful wind,  
 Or sweep infections from an humbled land,  
 The fatal agents of divine command !

He ceas'd ; for now the modest youth draws nigh,  
 With blushing beauties, and dejected eye ;  
 The crowds with rapture hail him o'er the plain,  
 And open to receive the charming swain.  
 Disorder'd at the deep regard he drew,  
 He swiftly glides among th' admiring crew,  
 With holy awe before the altar falls,  
 And on his God in speechless rapture calls.  
 That moment lo ! the crystal welkin cleft,  
 Auspicious thunders lighten'd to the left,

And

And from the heav'ns was heard an awful voice,

' Rife, Samuel, rife, and own Jehovah's choice !'

He flees to where the beauteous hero stands,  
Majestically tow'ring o'er the bands,  
As if by nature fashion'd for a crown,  
Like some tall tow'r that overlooks a town.  
Behold (the prophet cries) behold your king,  
And let your hills with grateful transport ring !  
Not all the flow'r of this assembled host  
Can such a wonder of perfection boast ;  
In godlike grandeur, and exalted mind,  
He looks the lord, the wonder of mankind !

Then when the burst of acclamation ceas'd,  
The mighty peal which God's election grac'd,  
He kiss'd the hero with exalted zeal,  
And bade the favour'd king of Israel hail :  
The Lord's with thee, and in thy glorious hand  
Displays salvation for his holy land.

He said : abash'd among the gazing bands  
The lovely youth in sweet confusion stands,  
While burning blushes, like the dawning skies,  
Blaze in his face, and sparkle in his eyes.  
Forbear, (he cries) O sacred sage forbear ;  
Saul is our king, and we our king revere ;  
And, like a pigmy in a giant's vest,  
I in these awful titles pant oppress.  
The Pagans conquer, and the land's enslav'd ;  
And can the sinking land by me be sav'd ?

By



By me ! the meanest of a house so mean,  
Whose zealous virtue's impotent and vain.

He ceas'd : the heav'n-illumin'd prophet said :  
Rise, and be strong ! th' Omnipotent's thy aid !  
Let earth, let erybus thy way oppose ;  
Jehovah calls, and they're Jehovah's foes !  
Then climb the throne, defeat the Pagan crew,  
And all the baits of Lucifer subdue.  
I see, I see new years, with plenty crown'd,  
Descend from heav'n, and roll a brighter round ;  
Pleas'd to behold the virtuous man prevail,  
To see returning justice hold the scale,  
To crush the proud, the broken heart console,  
Give earth a peace, or thunder o'er the pole !  
Purg'd from th' obscenities of Pagan shame,  
Divine Religion, heav'n-descended dame,  
As light in heav'n, in Israel holds her throne,  
Suns the dark globe, and makes her father known.  
Thy seed shall emulate the starry line,  
Sure promise of veracity divine !  
For as the show'rs are never shed in vain,  
But cherish nature, and her sons sustain ;  
Such is the promise of th' eternal Pow'r,  
Such goodness fructifies the falling show'r !  
From thee I view the sacred branch arise,  
Which heals the globe, and blossoms to the skies !  
Revolve, ye stars, and bring th' expected morn !  
Drop down, ye heav'ns, and be salvation born !

See

See shining angels round his cradle sing !  
 See nature all her earliest presents bring !  
 All fraud expires, the lambs and lions blend,  
 And peace and innocence to earth descend.  
 He comes, he comes ! prepare the Saviour's way !  
 Retire, ye floods ; ye cedars, homage pay !  
 Ascend, ye vales ; subside ye mountains broad !  
 The blooming deserts cry, a God, a God !  
 The Saviour comes ! by heav'n reveal'd of old  
 To banish'd man ; by antient bards foretold :  
 Shout all ye dumb, and all ye blind survey !  
 Dance all ye lame, and fling the crutch away !  
 Hear, all ye deaf ; and, all ye dead, arise !  
 And vanish ev'ry tear from human eyes !  
 I see, I see all evil wip'd away !  
 Earth smiles around in God's eternal day !  
 The Stygian snake receives his mortal blow !  
 Death, sin, and satan, sink in chains below !  
 Let all the universe exult around !  
 Let shouting gods Jehovah's praise resound !  
 His glorious Son the lost creation gains,  
 And Love Almighty, Love Almighty reigns !  
 This said, as when the sov'reign of skies  
 All-glorious shone before the Consul's \* eyes,  
 When in the visions of the night, he came  
 The monarch of majestic Rome to name ;  
 The people gaz'd around ; with fear aghast  
 The purple candidates before him past ;

\* Cicero.

But

But on the band the lord of thunder low'r'd,  
 'Till young Augustus in his presence tow'r'd :  
 This, this is he (exclaim'd th' etherial mind)  
 Who ends the wars of Rome, and awes mankind !  
 With such majestic grace, among the crowd,  
 His regal dignity the seer avow'd ;  
 Then took his consecrating horn, and shed  
 The mystic unguents on the hero's head :  
 The sweeten'd winds on musky wings arise,  
 And waft the balmy fragrance round the skies ;  
 While with peace-off'rings they the rite prolong,  
 And warble to the lute-cœlestial song.  
 Heav'n bends delighted to the holy strains ;  
 Nor long th' election unconfirm'd remains.  
 The gates of Paradise wide open fly ;  
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky ;  
 And from his starry throne an angel glides,  
 With all his dazzling wings the clouds divides,  
 Reflects ten-thousand glories from the day,  
 And with a gaudy rainbow gilds his way.  
 Then hov'ring o'er th' annointed hero's head,  
 From his bright pinions the loose splendors shed,  
 And in each motion kindles up his mind  
 With ev'ry virtue for a king design'd :  
 As light'ning fires the aromatic grove,  
 And rolls the clouds of incense from above.  
 The crowds with awe the godlike man surround,  
 And pay their vow'd allegiance on the ground ;  
 While Iôs in repeated Iôs rise,  
 Roll o'er the hills, and thunder to the skies.

T H E E N D.



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